A Quarterly of New Literature

Illinois U Library

# ACCENT

R. V. CASSILL: The Life of the Sleeping Beauty

C. G. ANDERSON: A Study of Joyce's 'Portrait'

MARJORIE BRACE: Which Cures All Sorrow

HOWARD GRIFFIN:
Dialogue with Auden

VERNON WATKINS:
A Man with a Field

VIRGINIA KIDD
LEONARD RANDOLPH
GENE MAGNER

FREDERICK BOCK
INGEBORG KAYKO
MAY SWENSON

U. OF I.
LIBRARY

WINTER, 1952

40 CENTS

# COMBINATION OFFERS

## The Green Huntsman and The Telegraph

The Lucien Leuwen novels by Stendhal.

$7.00 . . . . . With one year of Accent ($1.50): $6.50

## The Novel in France

— from Mme de Lafayette to Proust — by Martin Turnell

$4.25 . . . . . With one year of Accent ($1.50): $4.50

## Accent Anthology

A 687-page selection from the first five years (1940-45), containing otherwise unavailable work by Katherine Anne Porter, R. P. Blackmur, Henry Miller, Cleanth Brooks, Eudora Welty, Delmore Schwartz, Otis Ferguson, Arthur Mizener, Kay Boyle, Richard Eberhart, Jules Laforgue, David Daiches, etc.

$4.00 . . . . . With one year of Accent ($1.50): $4.25

## The Poetry of Ezra Pound

by Hugh Kenner.

$4.00 . . . . . With one year of Accent ($1.50): $4.25

## Paterson

Books 1, 2, 3, and 4, by William Carlos Williams,

OR

## The Day of the Locust

by Nathanael West,

OR

## Under Western Eyes

by Joseph Conrad (with an introduction by M. D. Zabel).

$1.50 . . . . . With one year of Accent ($1.50): $2.25

Send orders directly to

ACCENT, 102 University Station, Urbana, Ill.

TIME — 4 months for $1.00

SUBSCRIBE BY MACHINE!

Special price to students and staff members only

☆

CAMPUS BOOK STORE

711 S. Wright

# INDEX TO VOLUME XII OF ACCENT

C. G. Anderson: *The Sacrificial Butter* (article) ---- 3

Frederick Bock: *Indifferent Spring* (poem) ---- 33

Beatrice E. Bodenstein: *The Feast of Fiction* (poem) ---- 188

Marjorie Brace: *Which Cures All Sorrow* (story) ---- 35

Kenneth Burke: *A 'Dramatistic' View of 'Imitation'* (article) ---- 229

R. V. Cassill: *The Life of the Sleeping Beauty* (story) ---- 14

Sol Chaneles: *Gabriella and the Lonely Horn* (poem) ---- 94

Daniel Curley: *The Great Day* (story) ---- 216

Bobb Davis: *Epithalamion* (poem) ---- 243

*Thanatopsis* (poem) ---- 244

Joseph E. Dewey: *The Tercel's Visit* (poem) ---- 181

Richard Eberhart: *The Stevens Prose* (review of *The Necessary Angel* by Wallace Stevens) ---- 122

Wallace Fowlie: *The Child's World in Rimbaud's 'Illuminations'* (article) ---- 159

*Choderlos de Laclos* (review of *Dangerous Acquaintances* by Choderlos de Laclos) ---- 250

Arthur Gregor: *Almost the Entire Journey* (poem) ---- 242

*A Girl Named Gypsy* (poem) ---- 242

*The New Poetry of Horace Gregory* (review of *Selected Poems* by Horace Gregory) ---- 125

Howard Griffin: *Conversation on Cornelia Street, IV* (A Dialogue with W. H. Auden) ---- 49

H. R. Hays: *According to the Chronicler* (poem) ---- 110

*A Whaling Print* (poem) ---- 108

*The Zulu* (poem) ---- 109

Hermann Hesse: *The Poet* (story, translated by S. Leonard Rubinstein) ---- 183

Phyllis Hirshleifer: *Lament* (poem) ---- 97

*Poem* ---- 97

48833

Roberts Jackson: *Fly Away Home* (story) 82

Ingeborg Kayko: *Frontier* (poem) 63

*The Survivors* (poem) 63

Jascha Kessler: *The Dowry* (story) 140

Virginia Kidd: *Poem* 32

*Young Ulysses Yearns at the Park Fence* (poem) 32

Gene Magner: *After Many a Summer* (poem) 33

Roy Marz: *The Bur* (poem) 189

*Cable to Florence* (poem) 190

W. S. Merwin: *A Dance of Death* (poem) 95

Leonard Randolph: *Our Lady of Hymns* (poem) 34

Martin Scholten: *Promenade of an Elegant Ego* (poem) 191

Jo Sinclair: *The Family* (story) 98

Bernice Slote: *Georgia Night* (poem) 247

Stephen Stepanchev: *Fun-House Mirrors* (poem) 248

*The Thief and the Juryman* (poem) 249

*Timed to Our Wheel* (poem) 249

Irvin Stock: *André Gide, William Hale White and the Protestant Tradition* (article) 205

Italo Svevo: *Traitorously* (story, translated by Ben Johnson) 195

May Swenson: *Sunset* (poem) 62

Parker Tyler: *Two Choruses by the Clairvoyante* (poems) 180

C. Roland Wagner: *The Idea of Nothingness in Wallace Stevens* (article) 111

Jim Walters: *Procession in Silver* (poem) 245

Vernon Watkins: *A Man with a Field* (poem) 64

T. Weiss: *A Local Matter* (poem) 155

Vernon Young: *Trial by Water: Joseph Conrad's 'The Nigger of the Narcissus'* (article) 67

Karl E. Zink: *Herman Melville and the Forms — Irony and Social Criticism in 'Billy Budd'* (article) 131

# CONTENTS

C. G. Anderson: *The Sacrificial Butter* ..... 3

R. V. Cassill: *The Life of the Sleeping Beauty* ..... 14

Virginia Kidd: *Young Ulysses Yearns at the Park Fence* ..... 32

*Poem* ..... 32

Frederick Bock: *Indifferent Spring* ..... 33

Gene Magner: *After Many a Summer* ..... 33

Leonard Randolph: *Our Lady of Hymns* ..... 34

Marjorie Brace: *Which Cures All Sorrow* ..... 35

Howard Griffin: *Conversation on Cornelia Street, IV (A Dialogue with W. H. Auden)* ..... 49

May Swenson: *Sunset* ..... 62

Ingeborg Kayko: *Frontier* ..... 63

*The Survivors* ..... 63

Vernon Watkins: *A Man with a Field* ..... 64

---

EDITORIAL STAFF: Kerker Quinn, Charles Shattuck, George Scouffas, Allen Hayman, Walter Edens, Roberta Scouffas, Walter Stone, Sidney Warschausky, David Rudolph. Non-resident: Robert Bauer, Donald Hill, Carl Hartman. Secretarial assistants: Frances Conlin, Janet Bragg, Mary Kay Peer.

---

ACCENT: Box 102, University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Published quarterly under the auspices of the Department of English of the University of Illinois. Subscription: $1.50 a year, $2.50 for two years in the United States (elsewhere $1.75 a year, $2.75 for two years). Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes. Entered as second-class matter Sept. 26, 1940, at the post office at Urbana, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1952, by ACCENT.

# CONTRIBUTORS

C. G. ANDERSON teaches at Fordham and is doing graduate work at Columbia.

FREDERICK BOCK of Newton, Iowa, has published poems in ACCENT and other reviews.

MARJORIE BRACE, wife of the novelist Ernest Brace, has contributed fiction. poetry, and criticism to several literary quarterlies.

R. V. CASSILL, associate editor of the *Western Review* and a member of the Writers' Workshop staff at Iowa, is the author of a novel, *The Eagle on the Coin.*

HOWARD GRIFFIN has published a book of poems, *Cry Cadence.* His earlier Dialogues with Auden have appeared in ACCENT and *Partisan Review.*

INGEBORG KAYKO, a German-born poet living in Miami, is the author of *The Island* (poems).

VIRGINIA KIDD lives in Long Island City. She is the wife of the poet James Blish.

GENE MAGNER of the Lockwood Library, Buffalo, will have a long poem in one of the next issues of the *Kenyon Review.*

LEONARD RANDOLPH lives in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.

MAY SWENSON'S first book, assembling poems that have been printed in *Tomorrow, Partisan Review, Poetry,* etc., will appear this spring.

VERNON WATKINS, the Welsh poet whose *Selected Poems* are in the New Directions catalogue, recently published a volume of translations from Heine.

---

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, and JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of ACCENT, published quarterly at Urbana, Illinois, for November 14, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business managers are: Kerker Quinn, Charles Shattuck, and George Scouffas, all of Box 102, University Station, Urbana, Illinois.

2. The owners are: Kerker Quinn, Charles Shattuck, and George Scouffas, all of Box 102, University Station, Urbana, Illinois.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

KERKER QUINN (Editor)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of November, 1951.

KATHERINE H. PEER, Notary Public

(My commission expires November 19, 1953)

ACCENT
A QUARTERLY OF NEW LITERATURE
Volume XII, Number 1 WINTER, 1952

# C. G. ANDERSON:

## The Sacrificial Butter

Between the writing of *Stephen Hero* and the conception of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* James Joyce epiphanized his esthetic. The *Stephen Hero* fragment contains most of the matter of Chapter V of the *Portrait,* and it contains most of the esthetic theory of the *Portrait* as a whole; what it lacks is the technique of arranging non-discursive symbols in such a way that they evoke directly feelings which cannot be expressed discursively. It is by means of this technique that Joyce presents the life of the young artist as a complete, harmonious, radiant image — as ". . . that thing which it is and no other thing."[1] (250)[2]

As we know from *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* Joyce was fond of subtly explaining his own methods to the reader. In the *Portrait* he gives the key to the technique by pointing out that Cranly is John the Baptist: "The exhausted loins are those of Elizabeth and Zachary. Then he is the precursor. Item: he eats chiefly belly bacon and dried figs. Read locusts and wild honey." (293)

But, as will be shown, it is clear from Joyce's handling of Cranly, who is not only John the Baptist but also Judas and Satan, that he did not intend to produce an allegory. In everything he wrote after *Stephen Hero* he treated his subject symbolically. The distinction is,

[1] Cf. *Stephen Hero,* pp. 211-213. St. Thomas' *claritas,* Hopkins' inscape, and Joyce's epiphany seem to be of a piece.

[2] Page references in parentheses are to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* New York, The Modern Library, 1928.

as Yeats says in *Ideas of Good and Evil,* that while "a symbol is indeed the only possible expression of some invisible essence . . . allegory is one of many possible representations of an embodied thing, or familiar principle, and belongs to fancy and not to imagination: the one is a revelation, the other an amusement." Nevertheless, on the reader's part some allegorizing is necessary if he is to understand how a symbolic work achieves its effect.

Chapter V of the *Portrait* is controlled by three principal symbols: the Daedalus myth; the poet as God — creator, redeemer, and priest; and the betrayal-crucifixion. In addition to subsuming many lesser symbols, these three are themselves related. While Icarus in the Daedalus story is an analogue for the flight of the artist from home, nation, and church into exile, "old father, old artificer" Daedalus corresponds to God the Father and Creator. God the Father is united with Christ the Son, who as the Word joins in creation and as the first priest becomes a creator in Joyce's special sense. Christ, the Creator as a young man, is betrayed and crucified in a way which corresponds to the betrayal of the artist as a young man by his family, his national society, and his church. Since the Daedalus element has been, in general, clear from the beginning, this article will examine only the second and third of these principal symbols.

## 1

Stephen's exposition of his esthetic to Lynch in Chapter V is the intellectual climax of the novel. Stephen is here an ordained priest of art proclaiming the gospel of art. As he says of himself, he is ". . . a priest of eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everliving life." (260) But to understand his priesthood, we must understand his conversion and baptism.

When, in Chapter IV, the director of University College suggests that Stephen consider becoming a Jesuit, Stephen decides that he will " . . . never swing the thurible before the altar as priest." (188) But later, as he walks along the beach, he hears ". . . the call of life to his soul not the dull gross voice of the world of duties and despair, not the inhuman voice that had called him to the pale service of the altar." (197) He is born again, and his soul arises from the ". . . grave of boyhood, spurning her graveclothes." (197) He feels that his calling and election are sure, and he immediately accepts his vocation: "Yes! Yes! Yes! He would create proudly out of the freedom and

power of his soul . . . a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable." (197)

Stephen is baptized by wading in the sea, and he feels the regenerative power of the sacrament. He feels ". . . a new wild life . . . singing in his veins" (197) and wonders, "Where was his boyhood now? Where was the soul that had hung back from her destiny to brood alone upon the shame of her wounds. . . ?"[3] (197)

At the opening of Chapter V Stephen already has passed from baptism through ordination, and is saying mass. Contrasting with the Shelleyan swoon of the baptism and its ecstatic aftermath in the final pages of Chapter IV, the first sentence of Chapter V is a rhetorical change of pace:

> He drained his third cup of watery tea to the dregs and set to chewing the crusts of fried bread that were scattered near him, staring into the dark pool of the jar. (202)

Important as this deflation is to the stylistic structure of the novel, however, the sentence is at least as important because it introduces the symbol of the eucharist — specifically, as we shall see, of the eucharist in the Maundy Thursday Mass. The tea and bread are paralleled by the cocoa which Stephen drinks with Bloom in the cabmen's shelter and at 7 Eccles Street in the Eumaeus and Ithaca episodes of *Ulysses*. After Stephen has consumed his breakfast of bread and tea (read bread and wine), he takes up ". . . idly one after another the blue and white dockets. . . ." (202) of his pawn brokers. These represent the communion wafers. After he has fingered them, he puts them aside and gazes ". . . thoughtfully at the lid of the box [i.e., the tabernacle] speckled with louse marks." (202) Then his sister Maggie, representing the acolyte of the mass, prepares the water for the purification of his fingers, a ceremony which follows directly after the second ablution in the mass.

As is usual with Joyce, things are not so simple as they appear at second glance. Stephen's mother washes his neck. Because the reader already knows that Stephen has abhorred water since childhood and has lice (202, 275), he realizes at once that this is a rather singular endeavor; it is not an ordinary Ordinary of the mass, but one which

[3] During his baptism Stephen sees the wading figure of a girl—symbol of the fleshly beauty to which he has been converted, and symbol of Emma—on whom ". . . an emerald trail of sea-weed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh."(199) Because she is baptized—chosen and marked with the sign—he sees her as a bird capable of flying with the "hawklike man,"(264) although ultimately she becomes the "batlike soul" (259) who cannot soar with Icarus.

no doubt has its Proper of the Season. What this Proper is, however, and what symbolic meaning it has, is discovered more gradually. Although Joyce knows very well what day it is, Stephen and the reader do not learn that it is Thursday until Stephen reads a newsagent's placard as he walks to school. (206) Thursday is the day which Stephen in his earlier Catholic fervor had dedicated to the Most Blessed Sacrament.[4] (170) And later, when Stephen refers to St. Thomas' *Pange lingua gloriosi,* he mentions to Lynch, who knows the fact as well as he does, that it is "a hymn for Maundy Thursday." (246) The Maundy Thursday Communion Verse, which follows the Purification in the order of the mass liturgy, says that ". . . the Lord Jesus, after He had supped with His disciples, washed their feet." Stephen ". . . allowed his mother to scrub his neck and root into the folds of his ears and into the interstices at the wings of his nose," (203) and we are reminded that Peter, in the Maundy Thursday Gospel, when he consents to Christ's washing him at all, says, "Lord, not my feet, but my hands also, and my head."[5]

After Stephen as priest has purified his fingers, his mother as server thrusts ". . . a damp overall into his hands, saying: — Dry yourself and hurry out for the love of goodness." (203) The overall, which represents the priest's napkin, is damp at the Purification because it has already been used in the Washing-of-the-Hands ceremony during the Offertory of the mass. The hurry and the return of Stephen's sister " . . . making signs to him to be quick and go out quietly by the back" (203) suggests the hustle of the final portion of the mass. Stephen gives the Benediction by ". . . smiling and kissing the tips of his fingers in adieu." (204) But at least two other meanings are compressed into this single ironic action. It is the priest wiping his lips and the priest kissing the altar before he pronounces the Benediction.[6]

As Stephen leaves the house he hears the mad nun in the nearby asylum screech, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" (204) Her exclamation is in the correct mouth and in the correct ritualistic context to signify the thanksgiving of an individual madwoman for the mad sacrament

---

[4] It is also Bloomsday on June 16, 1904, and the day on which black masses are traditionally performed. There is no indication, however, that the mass in the *Portrait* is black.

[5] That Stephen's mass does not begin at the beginning does not, perhaps, require explanation, but it is interesting that in former days the Holy Thursday Mass which is now in the Missal began at the Offertory, either because two other ceremonies preceded it or because the preliminary portion was not essential to the sacrifice.

[6] Skeat, whose *Etymological Dictionary* Joyce read "by the hour" (*Stephen Hero,* p. 26), translates *adieu* as "(I commit you) to God." The priest kisses the altar in the mass as representing Christ; but since Stephen, as we shall see, is not only priest but also Christ, it is perhaps inevitable that he should kiss himself.

of a mad service. But it also identifies Stephen with Christ, the first priest. That this identification is what Joyce is actually saying is borne out later in the chapter when the Maundy Thursday symbol is made more explicit by the consideration which Stephen and Lynch give to St. Thomas' *Pange lingua gloriosi* and to the *Vexilla Regis* of Venantius Fortunatus.

Between the ejaculation of the nun and the discussion of the hymns there are several symbols which carry in their complex of meanings and tones the meaning and tone of the mass. These, however, will be discussed in the second section of this article because they have more direct connections with the betrayal and crucifixion than with the Maundy Thursday ritual itself.

The two hymns are of primary importance in understanding Joyce's method of using liturgy as symbol. The first hymn is merely named and called the "highest glory of the hymnal." (246) But, Stephen says, ". . . there is no hymn that can be put beside that mournful and majestic processional song, the *Vexilla Regis*. . . ." (246) Lynch then sings a stanza of the second hymn from memory. In the liturgy the *Pange lingua gloriosi* is sung after the mass on Maundy Thursday, when the second Host, which has been consecrated to be reserved for the Good Friday Mass in which no consecration takes place, is carried in procession to the chapel or some other place. When the procession arrives at this place, the chalice containing the Host is incensed and placed in an urn or tabernacle. The procession then returns, and Vespers are sung in the choir. The *Vexilla Regis* is the hymn for Vespers during Passiontide.

The discussion of the hymns interrupts Stephen's expounding of the mysteries of art to Lynch, and they are by no means used merely to complete a parody or to give relief from what might have become an esthetically tedious exposition of an esthetic. The line *Pange lingua gloriosi* is translated in the Missal as "Now, my tongue the mystery telling"; and Lynch does not sing the first stanza of the *Vexilla Regis,* which begins in translation with "Behold the royal ensigns fly," but the second stanza, beginning "The mystery we now unfold." The hymns as symbol, therefore — and this is true of all Joyce's symbols — are not used as mere decoration, nor as extraneous allegorical signs; the meanings they add to the narrative are intimately important to the narrative, giving it depth of texture and expansiveness. It is important that we know that Stephen is expounding mysteries, but it is also important that we know he is expounding them in his symbolic office as Stephen-Christ, the first priest of art.

When Lynch has finished singing, he and Stephen turn into Lower Mount Street. As we shall see this may be connected with Golgotha, for when they stop the crucifixion is re-enacted; but one of its other connections is the prophecy which Stephen made when he accepted the call to the religion of art in Chapter IV: ". . . dawn . . . [would] show him strange fields and hills and faces." (198) Here is the hill, and Donovan's bloated face appears.

Stephen and Lynch halt their procession; and although it is still Thursday on the narrative level, the conversation with Donovan symbolically treats the Last Supper in retrospect. This is important because of the re-enactment of the crucifixion which is to take place shortly. Telling of a group of students (read disciples) who have passed their examinations successfully, Donovan says, "The Irish fellows in Clark's gave them a feed last night. They all ate curry."[7] (246) These students are apostles ready to go forth to all nations: "Halpin and O'Flynn are through the home civil. Moonan got fifth place in the Indian." (246)

Food continues to be the controlling image in their conversation. Stephen asks Donovan twice to bring him "a few turnips and onions" the next time he goes on a botany field trip so that he can "make a stew" (247); Donovan mentions that his sister is to make pancakes for supper; and Lynch expresses disgust that pancakeeating Donovan can get a good job while he has to smoke cheap cigarettes.[8]

Stephen ends the delineation of his esthetic with the now famous statement, "The artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails." (252) The artist is God; God is Jesus; Stephen is Jesus. As Jesus left the companionship of his disciples on Maundy Thursday for the exile of the cross and the grave,

---

[7] Possibly it was curry of lamb with rice which they ate. Joyce, who knew the grail legends passed on by the medieval romancers, may have been consciously using the idea of the grail as the dish from which the disciples and Christ ate the Paschal Lamb on Maundy Thursday rather than as a chalice. Mallory uses it in this sense, and Joyce's favorite Skeat, in his *Etymological Dictionary,* traces the word to "Old French *graal, greal, grasal,* a flat dish." This definition plus the rice would connect it with ". . . the soup plate he had eaten the rice from for supper" (256), which Stephen finds on the table by his bed on the morning of what is narratively Friday. The rice, therefore, might also stand for the Host left over from Maundy Thursday, as explained above.

[8] Three comments. The cigarette-smoking business which is used all through the walk which Stephen and Lynch take together may be related to the use of incense during the mass procession on Maundy Thursday. Donovan's last field trip was on the preceding Saturday—to gather palms? Note that the basket used by Stephen to illustrate his esthetic theory to Lynch is a butcher's basket rather than a grocer's or chemist's.

Stephen is leaving Lynch, his pope, and Emma, his Blessed Virgin, as well as his family, nation, and church for the exile of the artist and for Paris.

## 2

But the symbols examined above are from only a very small portion of the chapter. What happens symbolically between the tea and fried bread of Stephen's breakfast and the curry eaten at Clark's? Thousands of things. And after the curry other thousands. Some of these are clearly symbolic, and their symbolic content can be allegorized for purposes of analysis.

In the narrative Stephen walks to school. As he walks he thinks of himself as a doubting monk (205), meets a consumptive man (206), thinks of Cranly as a guilty priest (207), reflects on his interest in words (207), recalls the temptation of Davin by a country wife (209 ff), is buttonholed by a woman selling flowers (213), thinks with something like compassion of Dublin (214), and thinks of Burnchapel Whaley, Buck Egan, and Buck Whaley. (214)

After witnessing Stephen's function as priest, it is clear to the reader why he should think of himself as a doubting monk.[9] But it may not be immediately apparent that the consumptive man is a type of Christ; and in him, as in the dwarf whom he, Cranly, and Dixon meet in the library (267), Stephen (as Christ) sees himself as he will be on Good Friday: ". . . an ugly little man who has taken into his body the sins of the world. . . . a crooked ugly body for which neither God nor man have pity."[10] Joyce had attended the Tenebrae services of Holy Week and had taken notes on them. These notes were found with the *Stephen Hero* MS., and a photostatic copy is reproduced in *Stephen Hero,* facing page 116. He may have got the idea of the disfigured Christ from the Responsory of the second Nocturne of the Office of Holy Thursday: "Behold we have seen him disfigured and without beauty: his aspect is gone from him: he has borne our sins and suffered for us." To put it in a variety of theological language, the consumptive man and the dwarf are "types" of Christ (Stephen)

[9] The thought recurs, pp. 258 and 260. Skeat traces "monk" to several Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Greek words meaning "solitary" or "alone," meanings which have obvious significance in relation to Stephen.

[10] *Stephen Hero,* pp. 116 f.

as a scapegoat just as Noah or Jonah in the Bible are types of Christ.[11]

The time on the dairy clock is wrong because time is out of joint in the symbolic sequence of the chapter, and also because the dairy, which fuses as symbol with the temptation of Davin by the country wife, is connected with eternity before time — at least before that aspect of time called death.[12] Davin is Adam, who is tempted by this Irish Eve with a mug of milk for an apple. He is the person in the *Portrait* most closely related to "the broken lights of Irish myth" (210), and he is associated in Stephen's mind with primeval incest. (268f.) Joyce links the country wife to the woman selling flowers (213 f.) and to temptresses in general (259), including Emma (259) and the Blessed Virgin (255), who is one of the lures of the fallen seraphim.[13] (255)

Cranly is thought of as a "guilty priest" (207) because he is, in one of his symbolic aspects, Judas. He betrays Stephen by stealing his best girl:

> She passed out from the porch of the library and bowed across Stephen in reply to Cranly's greeting. He also? Was there not a slight flush on Cranly's face? (273)

In Stephen's own interpretation of Cranly as John the Baptist he was puzzled by St. John at the Latin Gate and sees him as the "precursor trying to pick the lock." (293) He writes in his diary, "Is he the shining

---

[11] The Dwarf as a type of Christ is incestuous because he has taken into his body the sins of the world. Perhaps incest may be taken as incorporating all sins since it was the sin which Joyce found most terrifying to contemplate. Cf. the father's relation to his daughter in "A Flower Given to My Daughter" and "Simples" in *Pomes Penyeach,* and Earwicker's to Isabel in *Finnegans Wake.*

Joyce gives us many clues to a character's encountering his own image. In "An Encounter," for instance, "Stephen" encounters himself in the "queer" gentleman as he ". . . chewed one of those green stems on which girls tell fortunes." In *Ulysses,* p. 197, Stephen thinks, "His image, wandering, he met. I mine. I met a fool i' the forest." And later, p. 210, he says, "We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love. But always meeting ourselves."

[12] Shortly after looking at the dairy clock Stephen hears a clock strike eleven, and it is for him (as Christ) the eleventh hour. The time and the precision of the striking make him think of Mac Cann, dressed in ". . . a shooting jacket and breeches" (206), the precise symbol of the Roman (or British) state—in short, the Procurator of Judea. This will be treated below.

[13] In Catholic belief, of course, Eve is the woman by whom sin enters the world, and the Blessed Virgin is the woman by whom the means of salvation from sin enters the world. Mary is sometimes referred to in Catholic writing as the "celestial temptress" since she can tempt men to Christ.

light now? Well, I discovered him. I protest I did." (296)

The reader is as puzzled as Stephen unless he knows or takes the trouble to find out who St. John at the Latin Gate is. The feast of St. John before the Latin Gate, celebrated in the Church on May 6, marks the anniversary of the dedication of the Basilica of St. John Lateran outside the Gate of St. John in Rome during the time of Pope Adrian. The original church was dedicated to the Savior, but later, because it was served by a Benedictine monastery dedicated to St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, the church was dedicated to the two St. Johns as well. This later dedication has now superseded the original one in popular usage; or, in the framework of Joyce's symbolism, Christ has again been betrayed. Since the station for Maundy Thursday Mass is at St. John Lateran, Joyce's irony is apparent.[14]

Stephen ponders "The soul of the gallant venal city" (214) of Dublin, which had ". . . shrunk with time to a faint mortal odour rising from the earth. . . ." (214) as Christ thinks of Jerusalem:

> Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldest not.[15]

Several Irish prophets who have been killed by Irish men are mentioned in Chapter V, and all of these are connected with Stephen's own crucifixion. Yeats at the opening of the National Theatre is one of these: ". . . the catcalls and hisses and mocking cries ran in rude gusts around the hall." (266) And Stephen says to Davin: "No honorable and sincere man . . . has given up his life and his youth and his affection from the days of Tone to those of Parnell but you have sold him to the enemy or failed him in need or reviled him and left him for another." (237)

The Bucks Egan and Whaley and Burnchapel Whaley were infamous for many reasons. They performed, according to rumor, black

---

[14] In "Tilly," the "extra measure" of *Pomes Penyeach,* Cranly is represented as "my torn bough." The poem is the "extra measure" as Judas became the "extra" disciple, and he is torn from Stephen (read Christ) as one of the branches of the true vine. He is also Satan (another betrayer) tempting Jesus to be a material Messias—Cranly was sidestepping the priesthood of art to open a porkstore in Wicklow; hence he drives cows in the poem. But since Stephen said, "Satan, really, is the romantic youth of Jesus reappearing for a moment" (*Stephen Hero,* p. 222), perhaps we can come full circle to John the Baptist as the romantic youth of Jesus.

[15] *Matthew* 33:37. Cf. the Tenebrae service for Maundy Thursday evening, the Office of Good Friday.

masses while living in what was to become the University College building. Burnchapel also burns chapels, but it is Buck, his son, who is important for his connection with Cranly. Buck's second alias was "Jerusalem" Whaley because he won a bet, estimated to be between 10,000 and 15,000 pounds, for walking to Jerusalem and playing ball against the walls. This is the key to the mysterious grey handball which Cranly carries. (229, *etc.)* He and Davin play handball with it, "Cranly insisting his ball should be used," and in answer to its thud, he exclaims, "Your soul!" (238) In Stephen's ironic theology this supports the demonic character of Cranly as the betrayer, and it is made doubly ironic by Cranly's being the most "Roman" of Stephen's Catholic male friends.

The thoughts of the Bucks bring the narrative to Stephen's arrival at University College, where he enters the physics classroom to find the dean of studies lighting a fire in the fireplace. Stephen sees his actions as religious ritual:

> Kneeling thus on the flagstone to kindle the fire . . . he seemed more than ever a humble server making ready the place of sacrifice in an empty temple, a levite of the Lord. (215)

But the position of this scene in relation to Buck Whaley, and the thoughts which Stephen has concerning the priest indicate that it is the ritual of the Catholic priest which is defective rather than the ritual of the priest of art. The dean's ". . . very soul had waxed old in that service without growing towards light and beauty" (216), ". . . in his eyes burned no spark of Ignatius' enthusiasm" (217), and ". . . it seemed as if he loved not at all the master." (217)

During the physics class Stephen considers offering himself as a "subject for electrocution." (225) And afterwards, as Stephen goes into the crowd of students in the entrance hall, "Cranly's dark eyes were watching him." (227) The crowd has gathered to watch his trial. He is tried by Mac Cann as Pilate for not submitting to Caesar in the form of the Tsar. Mac Cann, who is "ready to shed the last drop" (228) for the "universal peace" of the Tsar (or Augustus) even pronounces Pilate's *Ecce homo!* while clearing his throat, "Hom!" (229)

Stephen and Cranly cross the "weedy garden" (234) of Gethsemane together and find Lynch, the disciple to whom Stephen will confide the innermost mysteries of the religion of art, asleep; and the parallel with *Matthew* 26:40 and the Responsory to the eighth Lesson of the third

Nocturne of the Holy Thursday Tenebrae is complete: "Could ye not watch one hour with me?"

Stephen and Lynch then set out on their peripatetic discussion of Stephen's esthetic, and Stephen symbolically reassures Lynch that he is not only God but "also an animal!" This may encourage the reader to recall Stephen's doubly ironic question of a few pages earlier, "Do you fancy I am going to pay in my own life and person for debts they made?" (237) And later, in the passage dealing with Stephen's lineage, the question "Did an angel speak?" (271) carries not only narrative and obscene levels but also refers directly to the means of conception between the Holy Ghost and the Blessed Virgin.

Although the crucifixion of Stephen is represented fully only by the book as a whole, it is symbolically re-enacted on the steps of the National Library at the end of Stephen's and Lynch's walk. As they approach the library, the sky is appropriately "veiled" and it begins to rain. Emma stands silently among her companions (the "other Marys" of the gospels) and Stephen watches her with "conscious bitterness" (253), thinking of her as a lure for him and Father Moran. She is specifically identified with the Virgin by the medical students' otherwise pointless talk of obstetrics, which the dying Stephen hears ". . . as if from a distance in interrupted pulsations." (254) As she prepares to go away with her companions, Stephen considers forgiving her.

The church year is continued in the burlesque Easter Mass which Stephen celebrates in the Circe episode of *Ulysses,* but the resurrection is foreshadowed in the *Portrait* by the sleep and waking which immediately follow Stephen's symbolic crucifixion:

> A spirit filled him, pure as the purest water. . . . But how faintly it was inbreathed. . . . as if the seraphim themselves were breathing upon him! (254)
>
> The night had been enchanted. In a dream or vision he had known the ecstasy of seraphic life. (255)

This explication does not exhaust the meanings of even these few strands of symbols in a single chapter of the *Portrait,* a book which is a rich, closely woven fabric of symbol and narrative. But since all of the elements treated as symbols in the *Portrait* were either omitted or treated on a simple narrative level in *Stephen Hero,* the tracing of the few strands through a small part of the whole cloth may add to our understanding of the growth of Joyce as an artist.

# R. V. CASSILL

## The Life of the Sleeping Beauty

Her house in the world's eye was 8507 Wickard, a kellystone duplex in Oak Park, but in reality it was among roses and fires that Miranda slept. Within their rings and fragrance she dreamed of a stone angel melted and reduced to its most primitive bulge, like overheated wax. She dreamed that outside the circle of fire waited pale Albert, grim Ernie, the Flier, the luxurious Pimp, Bert the Needle, and Lusty Liverlips the neighborhood degenerate.

The gentlemen have sought Miranda obediently. In the heavy lake of fact they have dredged fo the deep jelly of he essence. Ranked in summer they stood once outside the magic of the house i Oak Park and while the trolley bounced flashing on the cable watched the upstairs window light go out behind the curtains o American Miranda— the little ardent boys

Bert understands that in her life time lie over time like stacke film slides which altogether make one image, but there wer

### INCIDENTS OF ROSE AND FIRE

The thin branches beside the porch drew back again and again under the wind and then sprang straight, like switches released against the cloud's bottoms. It was almost spring in Oak Park. It was almost time for her to go in from play. Mama would come and ask, "Miranda, getting cold?"

She left the buggy sitting in the middle of the porch. She sat in the corner under a kellystone pillar, watching the branches whip the sky. She sang her own song to them. She encouraged them to whip the white. Billy came out the apartment door and

In a childhood crim she comprehends th populous future.

(Liverlips Sherman caught her arm in the deserted hall at school where her heels clicked on the tile and it smelled of antiseptic from the toilets, and said it to her.

Ernest got so angry he called her a damn PT to her face the night at the beach when only the chilly wind and the gritty moisture of the sand kept her chaste.

Moreen's cousin looked like he would cry and said Oh Damn, why did you come up here if you didn't want to How do you think this makes me feel Shall I take you home now? Then she said miserably, No. All right.)

put his foot on the axle of the doll buggy. It rolled down the steps and crashed. He said he didn't mean to do it,

The boy beast, fretful with jokes, destroys her doll. Through the hollow head of the broken toy she peers toward her salvation by the comic savagery of the male.

(and once only eighteen years later it occurred to her in a moment of hilarious insight They never any of them mean to do it. The cars, the apartments, the drinks they buy for you to get high are just an accident they have. They stumble on your pretty things like they fall over an iron fence. What makes them so afraid they call it an accident?)

he said, shoving her face against the kellystone, "Don't you tell your Mommy. I didn't mean to kick it. Wasn't my fault." The stone scratched her face and left red marks that her mother would see. Poor Rosie's head was broken as a cup breaks when she spilled out on the sidewalk. Billy ran away fast.

The boy, by his flight, confirms the dreadful identity of desire and crime — in action enunciates the parallelism of itch and taboo.

(ran away

Sherman ran away when he thought he heard the janitor coming. Ernest didn't run away so fast as he just drifted out of her life more in sorrow than in anger. In June after she had gone with him first to the apartment in March, Moreen's cousin wouldn't answer the telephone, which isn't exactly running away.)

She squatted down, singing magic to herself again, beside poor broken Rosie, then pulled the broken head off. Through the holes in Rosie's neck and the top of her head she looked up at the sky and at the apartment across the street, using the broken head as a telescope. Mama found her then and Mama was mad at her, though it wasn't her fault. Mama said, "Miranda, what happened? Put it down, Miranda. You'll cut your fingers. How could it have happened, Miranda?"

The voices of women supplement the ringed fires of her enchantment.

(I don't know, Miss Wayne. It was there when I came back from recess Thursday.

"You didn't put it in your desk yourself?"

No, Miss Wayne.

"Did he ever — did they ever give you notes like this before?"

Oh no, Miss Wayne.

Miss Wayne's face turned red as lust. She looked at the tinted

map of Asia hanging unrolled beside her desk and said, "Do you know what these words mean, Miranda?"
Not that one. Miranda put her fingertip on it on the torn scrap of ruled paper.
"If you know who passed it to you, you ought to tell me. Don't you understand that, Miranda? It's wrong not to tell me."
Yes, Miss Wayne.
"There is a siege and your enemies move day and night and in the health of your own blood, in the flattery of your mirror, in the laundrysmelling white sheets they lie with their ambushes. I am your only friend. Be fearful."
Thank you, Miss Wayne.)

A straightforward invitation from a lad of eleven. Miranda was invited to fornication after the class party held in the gymnasium on a Friday evening in April in her fifth year in school.

There were Christmas mornings to come creeping down the stairway, the warm flannel of her pajamas holding against her skin, the flannel feet making no sound on the slick wood; to open the door of the room from which she had been kept, the forbidden room, and see — shining over all the years of waiting, the pain of birth among the animals, the expectancy of fear — see the star of pleasure shine brighter and more beckoning than the actual gifts.

Nevertheless, who has more luck than children? There are realities that never happen and reconciliations in innocence.

(Like the slow March rain on the window, the single lamp — too frilly for a man's apartment, she thought — burning at the far side of the room when she did not care if he was lying when he said he loved her.)

And the dilemma makes the myth.

The room at the YW where they had Art on Saturday smelled like the dirty little girls who came there. She sat at a big round table with her brushes in a jar of water beside her. She liked pencil best. It was neater and she almost had her drawing the way she wanted it when thin Mr. Hill, her teacher, saw it. Mr. Hill was from the Art Institute and her mother said he was good and would help her. Anyway he stood there grinning for a minute and said, "Now Miranda, Now Miranda. You're drawing just the same things all the others are. Oh Gee, why do you want to draw a drum majorette all the time?"

The other girls do, she said sulkily.

"Maybe. Sure. I can't keep all of you from doing it, but I expect more from you, Miranda. Can't you think of something else? People at a circus? People in a store? Something *real?*"

A mother and a baby.

"Oh Gee, no. Haven't you seen anything this morning on your way up here that interests you? How about people on a picnic? Or paint something you imagine."

She started with the thin line of roses at the top of the page, one after another across the page. She drew them with her pencil for a long time, until she grew tired. She got one of the big sloppy brushes out of the water jar and opened her orange showcard paint. At the bottom she made a crested, smeary line of flames and then another, larger. She saw Mr. Hill coming back toward her, and she tipped the paint jar so she could get it out faster. By the time he got there she had painted the flames to the top of the page.

"Well," he said. "It's abstract, all right."

It's what you told me to do, she said. She went to the cloakroom primly, took her coat and hat and walked out of his class for good.

Art, they say in Oa Park, doesn't necessarily have to pretty—but it has t be SOMETHING.

## THE TRIUMPH OF FIRE

wrought by and in spite of herself by Miranda; completed in January, 1947.

Look where the oak door opens and we pass through darkness to the amphitheater — soft Christians given to our lion friends.

"The idea," Alison said, "is to get all the wives of graduate assistants to contribute whatever talents . . ."

"Sin?" Bert said from across the room. His voice was hideous in its presumption of suffering. For an instant it seemed that he had joined the conversation she was having with Alison, and then they heard him going on, crying his secret disasters to the pansy in the black coat. "You people talk about it like it was a new subject and you were going to be graded on it. You can't beat the U of Chicago and the fakirs and yogis that apprentice themselves to it. Nor good old Saint Thomas. Oh reverend Sin, protect us from paying our landladies rent, give us a brown nose with the medievalest medievalist on the faculty, save us professional students from having to go out with honest men and get a job. Shut all your goddamn mouths about sin. What do you know about it? Ask Miranda. She is

A man like Bert would insist finally on showing you th scar and describing the rate of flow, t sensation of fluidity the brown bubbles and flotation of his excrement — in torment and, Goo should he not be tormented, who fro his natal dream ha visualized her antagonist who wa now his wife.

one who knows about it. She can smell it out anywhere. Tell them, Miranda."

Feigning and unfeigning, lock and cock, light and spite, are the means of sin.

Fortunately there were only the remains of Alison's party left by this time. Alison and Miranda were in the door of the kitchenette, holding, each of them, a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other. The grandson of the English Earl was on the floor with the rocking horse that belonged to Alison's boy. Besides these and Bert there were only the three students who had been arguing with Bert for hours on the subject of whether Louis Budenz could be likened to Saul.

"I mean that she has studied it like a woman does," he said.

Shall I expound whore to you? Cold Russian winters that appear so barren, as if nature had forgot the spring.

What did I *do?* she called in a slight, even voice, and he looked at her in anguish.

"Do?" he said. "Do?" He grinned enough to show his teeth. "You didn't do anything."

In the season of sin, refraining is sin.

After that in the hush, he went out and they heard him thumping his feet downstairs, the sound of his steps like a child's who stomps out a reproach when he is sent away.

"Here," Alison said. "Miranda, be wifely and take his coat. A man can't go running around on a night like this without his coat. You can catch him."

But what did he mean? she asked in a shocked voice.

"Oh honey, he didn't mean anything. He's drunk."

"Do you want us to go with you, Miranda?" the students asked.

No, because he was right and right to run. I understand and you can't. If you came out with me, hexed into the wind and drifts that you misunderstand for cold — you couldn't take it, boys. Thanks.

Carrying Bert's coat she walked exactly as far as the nearest taxi-stand on 55th Street, found a cab and went home. Their apartment was stuffy when she came in. She raised the bedroom window a couple of inches and the snow entered, small flakes that disintegrated over the radiator. She did not wonder where Bert was. She undressed hastily, brushed her teeth, went to bed, and dreamed of nothing at all. Now it had all been fulfilled.

Isthmus wisdom bides despair.

The smell of Bert is in the room — his pipe tobacco, raincoat that smells like fried fish, toe jam.

After eight months of marriage in which she had tried — in which she had wanted to try — in the emptiness of his grief he had finally shown her to the citizens at Alison's party, lifted the ashen skirt headhigh so they could gape at the curly black souvenir of a chockfull mystery of childhood, and there was not going to be any more to this marriage.

You call me ice in the snow city.

If I am not Miranda — she thought once while she was brushing her teeth — then what, what, what, what, what have you made out of me?

Find me a life, she thought, addressing him, and I'll live it for you. But . . .

. . . it had begun in multiples. Once more it is necessary to point out that existences proliferate back and forth and diagonally in time.

When did this blaze of snow begin? One other morning when the birds had sung and when she got up earlier than any of the family? She could sniff the rain that had fallen on the bricks during the night. She could see, leaning from her bedroom window, the tree in the yard luminous in the predawn, the black incisions of the wires across the soap-colored sky, the city birds wheeling off over Chicago and the lake. She could hear her sister breathing gently, beautifully in the room behind her. Marjorie was her love, she thought. She saw Marjorie's purse lying on their study desk on a copy of *Vogue* that Mama bought for them both. The catch on the purse was open so it was not wrong to look inside. There might be a snapshot, a letter, a present, in it. The table knife slid out when she touched the purse, tapping the desk top so she thought it might wake Marjorie. Then out fell the fork and spoon — cheap silver from the drugstore on Orlando Avenue. She knew as soon as she saw it that Marjorie had stolen it. She wanted to cry. She wanted to wake Marjorie and ask her why she had done it, but she heard the sweet untroubled exchange of breath, and it seemed all at once, terribly, that it was she, not Marjorie, who had done the awful thing. Waiting she sat beside the desk. She saw inside the purse the handkerchief with a spot of crimson where Marjorie had wiped off her lipstick before she went to bed, and suddenly it seemed to her that a maggot was creeping through the folds of the

The sister lies like a mirror wrapped in tissue in maiden luxury of lecherous sleep.

Stolen instruments of gluttony cram the secret purse.

As murderers confess us and thieves bring their loot finally to our hand . . .

cloth. She heard the sparrows on the wires outside. She was chilly now, but she would not go back to bed to lie beside Marjorie.

It was all phrased, the way she would accuse Marjorie when she woke. You did *not* go to the movies last night with Eloise like you told Mama. I know where you stole these.

"Oh foo," Marjorie said, rolled over sleepily. "What you doing up? Don't worry. Just don't worry."

You stole them and your handkerchief . . . (stained bright as blood.)

"Just don't tell anybody," Marjorie mumbled. But she did and got the pretty little family of four all fighting over where Marjorie had been and with whom. Daddy wanted Marjorie to take the silver back where she had swiped it and Mama later threw it in the neighbor's garbage can. Marjorie called her names and by that evening she was so sick they had to get the doctor in for her. When she slept, after his cool medicine-smelling hand had rubbed her forehead, the fires licked clear to the top of what she could see and bent their points there like a gasflame under a pan.

(Eloise and Marjorie asked her, "Don't you know? Don't you know what will happen to you?"

No, she said stubbornly.

"Oh yes it does. Hahahahahaha."

Only in the circle of fire I can sleep forever. I don't want to be . . . that.

"When they say wake? When you can't help yourself?"

I will not hear.)

Relentless reality of Time seeking its own level, eroding the innocence of high valleys and sluggish with pirated earth later.

At camp coming out of the lake, after she had the shower and rubbed hard and dried between her toes with the good towels Mama had sent her, then she pulled on the white sterile socks and her sneakers. The thread always seemed starched though it wasn't, and she could feel the firm separate threads pressing into her clean feet. She walked in the powder of dust across the ball diamond to the tent for Handicrafts where she was making a leather and aluminum belt. The sun scoured the whole sky clean overhead and the afternoon was *dry*. She felt a pride in her white shorts and middy with the

Snow bright.

camp insignia stamped on it in blue — the crisp anonymous uniform that all the other girls crossing the diamond (like echoes of herself) were wearing.

We are the girls of Sparta. We have played and tired ourselves in the sun.

Been of the same Spartan mind when the family drove next summer to the Point O' Pines for their vacation. In the clear water of the lake the float's shadow across the bottom sand while the sun went over. She swam dogpaddle to the float with Daddy because Mama and Marjorie couldn't swim so far. Daddy lay on his stomach on the float, and she watched the water run down in the creases of his shoulder muscles, making puddles that reflected not the sky only but some memory of the sky as well. They had the float all to themselves for an hour, watching the perch swim under its shade, weightless, rowing themselves delicately with their fins. Then the Beauteous Blonde swam out alone. Daddy sat up, grinned, began to talk to the Blonde. "What kind of birds are those flying?" the Blonde asked, and when she pointed Daddy leaned his cheek against her shoulder to look along the pointing finger.

Intrudes into the idyll the round stamp of womanflesh — the witch of nether heat.

Come on, Daddy, I'll race you in. She jumped up and purposely shook water from her bathing suit the way a dog shakes itself, showering those nearby.

Fears in the lust of her father the fulfillment of the prophecy, the damnation wrought of her own juices.

Daddy flung up his arm in real annoyance. "Here, look what you're doing," he said. "Swim on in. I'll watch you. I'll lifeguard you." He naturally (abominably) wanted to stay with *her*.

She whined Come on with me. I might get a cramp. I'm afraid.

He shrugged at the Beauteous Blonde, and she smiled, wrinkled her nose to show she understood it all.

It wasn't right for him to be with that woman — so he had to give in and swim with her to the beach where Mama was lying on the blanket reading *Collier's*.

This like a photo of herself, gangly and long-legged, in the uniform of the camp that she found tucked in a drawer bottom, turning brown and crinkled under the silk things that must have been stacked, restacked over it for years.

Oh, she had gone far to come back to that old time when the fire scoured everything like the pure sun on the enamel of the sky.

it's still me.

Gone — to hear Bert ask, "Is that all it's going to be?"

I don't know, Bert. Can't you leave me alone?

Had she come all the way for this . . .

## THE KNIGHT'S ATTEMPT

Inside the rings of torment and attraction she lay, bare enough, while in the teeming world they advertised her on the billboards and theater marquees. On December evenings old cripples looked at the frosty signs bearing her portrait and spat seminally into the Northern snow.

It was a part of th terms of the enchant ment that she should be won by the unknown hero, impersonal and existent only insofar as he bodies forth th ritual of the times. Naturally a warrior.

In those years she was mentioned by an alias in the perfume ads (Myrna, Gloria, Jehanne, and Lois — sultry as snakes in a fiddlecase, odorous of rivermouth and fish in the nuptial reeds). Her eyes looked from the covers of periodicals too numerous to mention. They called her the American Girl and sold smuggled postcards of her in the elevated stations. But everywhere they coupled with her the motto

WHO DARES?

Win her like the champion kewpie. Wear her as a disastrous ornament. Who dares?

In the chip from the windowblind and the great loving eye of the mirror she pleased herself alone with what the civilization had built towers of stone to spy out. But, imprisoned, she believed for a long time that no one would dare the fires for her. They would circle and fear.

Why do good girls like athletes? Because they're strong.

Besieged and safe, she grew up the envy of the non-American world, the toast of teams, the image in a calculating eye.

She dreamed of the brown angel stone again and the shoulderblade of a basketball player — and one year had puppy dreams of Ernest May, God bless his boyish heart, who had an old Buick, took her to plays, dancing at Roseland, to the Art Institute (it was the year of the Picasso show), sailing on his grandfather's sloop, on a picnic on a green hill north of Evanston. They were walking along the breakwater, the overlapping waves shiny and phosphorous and the wind feeling her face, ears, hair. Tickling, brushing, pleading, the night won her while fumbling Ernest turned into a repelled shadow, not tall enough, not strong enough, not brave enough. She lost him floating out over Lake Michigan where the other shadows might as well live.

and the granular co of the sand was his fault.

There could be only one. He must come armed in steel. It was not as a joke that the enchantment was laid. His face when he broke the flame circle must be a steel plate with slits before the eyes.

(Will there be such a one?

If they need him they will bear him. Wombs work like a potter's fingers to shape the new man.

How shall they know the need?

The women will know.

And this armed one was made?)

They took an ordinary hunk, gave him steel for his hands and feet to control, masked his GI face over with glass, aluminum and leather. He sent his picture to Miranda, a picture of armor and mask. It did not matter who he was before — she knew him.

She was eighteen the day she saw him last — saw him not as the old type man, but him in one of the tricycle planes rolling and bumping out one after another to the concrete runway, to crouch there, the exhausts blasting terribly while the plane stiffened on its course, straightened, and was airborne.

It seemed, in a brief glimmer of her insight, a lot of trouble to go to just for her in their collective assault — the old lechers paying their taxes and the little boys giving their pennies to bring the ravishing hero flying through the ring of her defenses. But that's the way it had to be it seemed then, when she was eighteen. The stern enchantment would yield to this ordinary one clad in the steel of the big war.

(For him they drew the topographic and aerial maps of her borders, explained in the bachelor relaxation of operations tent the concentrations of defensive fire and the approach to the principal objectives. Owl-eyed G-3 with a long pointer touching the harbor fringe, tracing the line toward the obscene river while the squadron stood there sweating and stamping in the tropic morning, the clay of India under their feet for a tent floor.

Rendezvoused in the pyramidal by the beer cooler where he touched her picture and said, "How you guys like my beast?" and rendezvoused again at four thousand over the white contours of the beach, going East. Get the tailwind and keep the nose down all the way in. It's got to be fast.)

His death was quite usual — mark that — and according to the formula of our sentiment. He had her

From Plymouth Ro
to the *Reader's Dig*
they had put the
bellows to the pro-
tecting flames.

Women watch the
Sunday morning
planes rape the supi
island harbor.

What anguish
dreamed this mon-
strous aggregate in
the neutral air? Is
still possible that th
"invention" of the
airplane is not und
stood in spite of
suggestive testimon
of names? Who,
indeed, are Kitty
Hawk and The Gr
Artiste?

picture in a leather and celluloid case over the instrument panel the day they went in low over Rangoon and the first flak killed the navigator and tore up the right wing. He asked for permission to leave the formation. "We didn't come here to check. Keep your place." Whether this flippancy made him sore — as it probably did — nobody ever had time to find out. The rubber-sheathed tank in the belly was smoldering and exploded.

So, Miranda — who must have had a stake in the adventure too — somewhere inside the myth they had made of her, after that hope was all gone and lousy, got smart enough to deny that the enchantment existed. Am I not Miranda? she asked, challenging. They smirked and let her answer that in

So. The myth-makers really expected success. They laid their money that he would get her, built him the long-nosed airplane to do what they could not accomplish. But the hero burned.

## SELF-BETRAYAL

The jelly at its hideous meal thinks . . .
The child careens through a May evening, thinking . . .
The viscera has its southern thoughts . . .
The interior hand is nervous and reaches for certainties . . .
The meat thinks . . . is voiceless, accommodating.

Inside the carapace is rosy whiteness — and the whiteness says Is this not I? The answer is "That's meat."

Something was burning. It smelled like hair or fingernail trimmings in an ashtray. Walking barefoot to the bathroom for a drink of water she smelled it at the head of the stairs and stopped. She had not made a sound she thought, and they wouldn't hear her if she stopped to listen. It was all right for Marjorie to smoke in the house, she was old enough now, and the folks wouldn't care about that when they got home. But either Marjorie or Roger must have let a cigarette burn down and fall on the rug while they were paying no attention to it. Maybe they were kissing. She shouldn't have gone to bed and left them because Mama and Daddy were counting on her to be chaperone. Mama had said, "Miranda can make you kids chocolate and a dessert. Have a nice time. Don't let Roger stay too late."

O, it is monstrous to confuse . . .

The radio had been playing softly and nicely. Roger had danced once with her. She was taller than he and so was Marjorie. "The little squirt" her father called

him. Over his shoulder she watched Marjorie roll back against the davenport cushions, cross her legs, reach to turn down the light.

I'm going to bed, Miranda had told them. I have to get up early or something.

"Or something," Roger said, catching on quick as a wink.

Are you objecting?

"No—ooooo," he said. He winked at Marjorie and then at her. "Good girl," he said.

They all three giggled over that and Miranda left them.

Now, half an hour later, she stood at the head of the stairway listening, smelling the burnt smell, listening.

("What do you look like?"

Like a baby doll.

"What do you look like?"

Like a Beauteous Blonde.

"What do you look like?"

*You know.* Like the ideal beast they cut Joe Christmas for. Like Myrna Loy when she turns around right at the end and looks at Clark Gable. Like Mae West only not so much so. Like the florid gildings and the old-fashioned candelabra and the smooth swish of the elevator at the Sheraton Hotel. Like the waters where the crocodiles dive and hover over the slick mud. Like any night in summer when the moon is a coin or a target in the thick air. Like my first girdle, like a tulip in the April bed in Lincoln Park. Like candy haystacks. Like the highest apple on the branch in the September sky, swinging.

Like the things you will not tell us but talk about alone, letting the marbles lie in the forsaken circle, while you stand on your own side of the playground laughing at the latest, writing it on the brick wall. Like Miss America on the catwalk above the photographers. Like the names you give me in convention. Like a wave. Like a Christmas star, like the sound of the wheels of the ashwagon, like a storm, like a logchain pulled out of you. Like Marjorie and Mama. Like a drum majorette. Like what John Keats saw when he put his mind on the Grecian Urn and shoved it into the downstairs cloakroom and looked at it as long as he could.

"What do you look like?"

Now?)

The radio was playing sugar and, stopping a minute to listen, half turning back at the top of the stairs, she heard it through another door. Moreen's cousin grinned

In the apartment o
Moreen's cousin.
This blade lived w
three fellow-stude
all pre-Meds.

and pushed lightly on her elbow to urge her on. "It's all right, Miranda. It's just the fellows."

The fellows were getting ready to go out. As he had known.

"It's a sloppy night, huh?"

"It's a sloppy night for this time of year."

"But everything is cozy inside," they said.

The fellows got up like sleek gentlemen to be introduced to her. One of them had been reading *Esquire* and had a cartoon he wanted to show her. In the cartoon a Beauteous Blonde lay on a pile of lacy pillows with telephone and a toy dog and this was all very funny indeed. "Look," he said. His finger lay on the page as though it were part of the illustration. Funny.

"You go to the University? Chi U?" one of them asked in a careful voice.

Yes.

"First year?"

Yes it is, she asserted. I don't know how I like it. I'm studying Art and Philosophy.

"Oh." He raised his eyebrows as though she had said something ridiculous and a touch discreditable, and that's the way everything seemed. They turned their backs to put on their coats and she was so nervous, she knew they were hiding their smiles. She stubbed out her cigarette after only a couple of puffs. The door had hardly closed and she lifted her arms to welcome Moreen's cousin to the davenport. She giggled nervously because it was as funny as the cartoon lying there on the table

"We can get you a new doll," Mama said. "Don't cry then."

> (in which she appeared Beauteously Blonde with the telephone beside her. She heard him turning the radio up louder. He went to the kitchen. "Do you want a drink?" She saw the rain distorting neon light on the window of the cartoon, the frilly lamp on the table across. Within the borders of the cartoon she relaxed and waited for the joke. When he brought the drinks in and saw her head thrown back, her hair spread on the felt of the davenport her throat flushed, he gaily pretended surprise. "Who are you?" Miranda, she said.)
>
> mockingly.

It was then as funny as the cartoon in the *Esquire* if it was anything at all which it — while the loud radio

. . . symbol with substance, the expense of spirit with its waste of shame.

produced several songs full of cheap roses which he liked well enough but which were not her own — wasn't.

"What do you look like, Miranda? 'The face you had before the world was made'?"

I *want* to tell you, Bert. If you'll only let me talk long enough I'll tell you everything. It's so altogether, but some of it was so long ago. I don't remember some of it and some of it is still happening. I am something yet, but . . .

"What do you look like?"

His ardent interruption chokes hope and speech.

Like a hollow zero, I guess, Bert. I didn't ever *know*. I needed you to help me know. Why weren't you always there when I needed you? When I was a little girl, why weren't you the little boy in the block? All I can give you is an accounting now.

## THE TALE OF THE ARTIFICIAL FIRES

The mirror now is female to ourselves.

You see, Bert, maybe that's what we keep looking for — not what we're born with or what they do to us, but what this all means altogether. Maybe? I can feel what I ought to have been. It's there, it's like a little girl walking behind me, standing behind the door, waiting around the corner. But maybe she was there and is gone and what's left?

(". . . to become useful, God-fearing citizens," he said and drank as a chicken drinks from the glass of water on the rostrum beside him. "Thank you. Thank you, Dr. Evans. I am sure that none of the students who heard you will not profit from your thoughts on Education in Wartime." The assembly clapped and Miranda left to walk down to the streetcar by herself. The streets that afternoon were swept by a cold wind coming in from the lake and almost deserted except for the High kids who had just been let out. All over the world the wind was blowing and pushing itself into the splintered houses wrecked by war. In France a little girl who looked like her was standing by a stone window watching the sleet drift on the cobblestones. In Mukden a line of little girls stood with bowls in their hands and the door of the kitchen wasn't opened yet. Their noses ran while they waited in the wind from Siberia. The wind off Lake Michigan stung her silk-clad legs and she was going to talk to Daddy and Mother about it at dinner. They would plan to give some money to the little foreign girls in the cold. And there must never be a war in which so many of them were cold so long again.)

What fear is this, that we can come upon ourselves only as strangers? — only *in the world* and never in the street or familiar room?

"Nie wieder Krieg," Bert said. "How pretty! But there's always war."

Some kinds don't hurt as much as others, she said.

"Yes they do," he said. "It's stupid to think the amount of war that resides in people can ever be increased or cut down one jot or iota." (Stupid — if he had not used the word so much she might never have needed him enough to marry him.) "You talk about bombs," he said sourly, "and you know in your heart what you really mean. The imaginary planes overhead are the symbol of the Seignorial rapist, refined with the skill of three hundred years of scientific obscurantism until a simple girl can hardly recognize them. Knights in Armor. Exactly. Don't you see what they are?" In his shrill, pompous, lonely voice, loud enough so most of the students and rummies in the U Tap could hear him, he announced, "There is war at this table, in this room. It does not get bigger or smaller when you move it onto a map and use figures with billions. Billions, ha ha." He laughed in contempt of the world's size.

She sees the world shrink like a child huddling against a kellystone wall on spring day, welcoming the educational fracture of death.

Another Jewish boy who had been sitting behind them recognized Bert's voice and pulled up a chair with them and wanted to get in the argument.

(But once good Mr. Ellington had looked at her respectfully, run his hand through his gray hair, blown a plume of smoke upward so it rose into the dark in the upper reaches of his office. "You have a good mind, Miranda." His smile was fatherly. "Something there all right." He tapped his forehead to illustrate what he meant. "When you awaken from the dream of childhood — my dear, there are tremendous *problems* your generation must face — social, ethical . . ." He was saying this because he knew she meant to marry Bert? "Stand firm, girl. Be true. Be true.")

Bert finished his glass of beer, leaned forward with his drawn face accusing her. "You lament this sweetheart" — he slurred the word harshly — "that was killed in the war. Then you let it slip out that you feel guilty about his death. Well, why shouldn't you? Do you understand what I'm getting at?"

Peddles his tricycle mind where the othe flew mindless.

"Let me get this straight," the newcomer said. "I doubt if I agree with you."

(It isn't that Bert isn't *all right*," her mother said. "I'm sure he's just as brilliant as you say he is. He might even snap out of it and be able to support you some time. And it is *not* that he is a Jew . . ." And Miranda thought, No, it's because she thinks I will be the little puppet she imagines me. I will not be a cutout from a family magazine. I am not her daughter to dress cute any more than I am someone else's joke to undress. I am not. I'm going to be Miranda and Bert will help me.

She pressed her nose and lips against the windowpane and listened to the sound of her mother's sewing machine. In anger she thought, Shall I tell her what I was last spring? How I dressed like any good Oak Park bitch just to go downtown to sleep with a junior pill salesman? And it occurred to her, almost without bitterness, that her mother must know that — oh, in a general way.

"He is so . . ."

Absolute, Miranda said.

"Absolute? I'm not sure what that means. Maybe stubborn. He would never see your side of things, dear."

Do I have a side? Does it have to be a battle?

"You know what I mean."

Not any more. But Bert knows me.)

Bert stood with her on the beach while she told him about the talk with her mother. He said her account gave him an idea for a painting. He would call it *Pragma and Enigma in the Desert.*

The scene — the black waves returning like iron ducks in a shooting gallery.

The light faded more and more. They started singing "Pragma and Enigma were sweethearts" and then went to the Loop to get spaghetti.

## THE REALISTIC ACCOUNTING

So I BELONG TO YOU, BERT, BECAUSE I'M . . . . . .

(Dr. Whiteside sat jovial on the bed while Mama and Daddy edging into the shadows as in a picture watched anxiously until he said, "There's nothing wrong with her." He poked his finger into her tummy to tickle her. "You rascal," he said to her. His teeth shone like white cups on a shelf. And she knew, she could not tell them, There's nothing right either. When will I be a woman?)

My God — marriage just gives them the chance to confess in security so that the sin of worldliness becomes the sin of emptiness and they live in a weedy hollow between two ramshackle conditions.

When will I be a woman? When the game boy with the mask takes both my fires and roses in a fierce year of destruction. When the raider swings over the

white, sea-rimmed beach, the motors pound immensely out of the open sky.

When shall I live?

Bert sat beside the bed. It was August and she had been sleeping a long time with only a sheet over her. She could see nothing but his shoulder bent in a line of anguish, sharpened in her sight when the IC trains passed outside and clamored to a stop at the 55th Street station. He smelled of wind and vomit. "Why didn't you tell me the way you felt, girl?" he said.

Because you knew everything but that.

"It's my fault," he said. "Only you ought to have told me."

Yes, she thought, I did know.

That if anything escapes the foolishnes of experience, it's eaten up by the acic of knowledge which experience produces.

Her voice answered him, It was what you wanted. I'm your bargain. We can't live now. We can only sin — if you wish. She pushed the sheet off her body and lay there looking exactly the way Miranda would have looked, except she was crying. It's because you were too much like the others. You don't love, you wish. I found that out

. . . to part at last without a kiss?

(the time of the Winter Dance when I went with Ernie May and Albert Blake followed in his brother's Chevie. I had my mother's fur coat, my second and nicest formal, and Ernie kissed my hand he said I looked so much like a lady, and when we came out afterward into the frosty air on the stone steps of Memorial Hall there was Albie waiting for us in his cheap overcoat and broken shoes, jumping from one foot to the other to keep warm. He had waited for hours there so he could call me a whore and run away. He was a poor boy and thought that Ernie's tuxedo and flask and Buick were part of what I was. I had become something both bad and impossible that he could only glorify with the name whore. That wonderful I was not. Did I have to be? But you believed and your believing fingers have got me now. You all of you have what you want.)

. . . . . NOTHING ANY MORE.

## LAST MORNING

She woke early and wondered if he had found his way back from Alison's party. She knew she didn't care, but there would be an awful lot of trouble if he had fallen in the snow somewhere and just died.

and the case of boo leg reality and blac market Time.

This was Sunday morning and there was no light yet in the alley outside their apartment.

The storm of the previous night had stopped perfectly. The city was like the interior of a piece of lead. The snow had fallen patiently on it and on top of the snow a cold fog had come so that the traffic lights on the elevated were set like enamels in a gray stone.

She went to the door and unlocked it and there he was, all right. He had come back because he wouldn't accept death like the rest, like the other one. The bravery of his return moved her, though it was not enough. It happened that he was sitting in the frame of the door and he lost his balance when she opened it.

There are no sec
acts in American
lives, said Fitzge

Bert, she said. Oh Bert, Happy New Year or something. Come in, my darling.

His dark, bloodshot, lifehunting eyes were suspicious. No, come in, she said. I can't hurt you any more. It's time for breakfast. He got up. His clothes were in a terrible mess.

Were you awfully cold? she asked.

He slept until three o'clock in the afternoon while she read, first the Sunday paper and then, when she felt more up to it, *Ape and Essence,* and then woke him. She scrambled eggs and made toast in the toaster her mother had given them for a wedding present.

"I do love you, Miranda, damn it," he said. "It can work. It's got to work," he said. As though she were a machine that thwarted him because he still did not understand it. Looking at her, searching all he knew about her with his eyes that should have had tongues and teeth in them. "Maybe we ought to have a child. I thought about that last night. I couldn't get it out of my head."

Can we? Her eyes met his in hope. Then she laughed insanely. I can't get it out of my head either.

# VIRGINIA KIDD:

## Young Ulysses Yearns at the Park Fence

Aware but just aware of bloom a Nausikaä swinging
Fro and to thrusts dogged ruffled thigh and bare foot
To the stranded shoe. Brief loom of shipwreck
Though the nymph is singing for her journal
Entry if you stare; put-to is not her need.

Starboard, boy, or a snapped spar, and the mocked
Vessel's captive.
Now the long-hopeful toe engages
With the slipper and slides home. And 'Got you!' Gertie sings.

The lacy heart of other legs will arrow more complicit to the breeze.
Forgot you, sailor, come or go. She is off your course, and tender,
Log it, there are islands free of commerce, lacking quays.

## Poem

## ALP to Rock: A Lullaby, or Spiritual, for Life

Is just a bowl of algae; balance is only strife.

You porous rock! round whom your eddy's whispers
Roll and sink, loosing your substance, by a design
Not yet yours; tide on tide and gulling vespers
Never rest themselves or let you hulking be.
Holes are ways in
No more than out; it seems an even wash. Your riddled tor
Cast to the waters, already homes in tousled ribbons. Nor

Will your birds mark the yield of eventual kelp
Less shrilly than they limed your precious dissolution. Derange
Yourself, hold hard from silting if you must; there is no help.

See gulls as winging hostages you and the ocean every day exchange;
Make eyes, too, of your damned openings and countenance such rape:

If it make you ever less a rock, you are still, lapped and sung,
more in this cape.

# FREDERICK BOCK:

## Indifferent Spring

Careless by the sea-reaches these long-weeded pools
Of leafless flatland spread their surplicing waves.
The legs of the heron are lost in the glitter and pulse
And fast eats the turtle, but the old diligent wives
Stroke out eggs for acres and acres, and always
Roadsters of boys with oboe horns hoaxing a tocsin
Rim the swamp silence, their crude marginalias
Touting a spring that merely settles and thickens.

Pro-rating the world by their frenzy at being so live,
They come to the seed of the frog to laugh and talk sex,
But even their insights arrive at the smallness of love:
In a medley of hands some cold deliberate coccyx
Continues, tupped by a toad, to abort in peace;
And sounds of their uptake scatter like iron pooh-poohs.

# GENE MAGNER:

## After Many a Summer

Among weeds and leaves
and everything of Summer
stung upon her lips and beestung
cheeks — and a late night in her eyes:
we would have prayed she'd stay that way

but she died she died she died — the
Summer's chutes and all the flares go down.

Among weeds and leaves we sorted greens
chose the greenest for her gown and said
goodbye. The Autumn then got underway
and we had to hurry before everyone got
started down.

# LEONARD RANDOLPH:

## Our Lady of Hymns

Listening with glasses lowered on her nose
The rims enclosing magnitudes of pores,
Hymns pouring in the room, a vast repose
Touring the mind behind closed doors.
We hesitate to waken her, testing,
As it were, her flesh in silent lavender,
Pure thistles pricking at her hands now resting
Glistening upon the brass brocade. Tender

Rhythms travel down her breasts and disappear
Into the folded cloth. She is determined not to hear
Our steps across the floor. I move before her, pause, and hold
The glass high to her face and to the lips that told
Our fortunes when the winter winds were cold
And we were forced by circumstance to fold
Our hands and stay indoors. The glass corrodes, a mould
Of steam obliterates this face, the massive fear
About the hair and eyes. The motive and the verdict were now clear.
The shoulders heave and fall, the mad head nods. The lips are blue
and old.

# MARJORIE BRACE:

## Which Cures All Sorrow

It was not until the second day at Mesa Blanca that the two men knew they hated each other. The morning after their arrival Herron merely felt that there was something offensive about the existence at the breakfast table of Garthwait, who sat heavily and smoked a cigar. Garthwait was a man most appropriately encountered in a bar at midnight, as the two had met in Denver: with, Herron now decided, spurious bonhomie. At the time it had seemed that Garthwait was just what he needed to cheer him up.

Well, Herron consoled himself, it might not be so bad. When John Garthwait was mentioned, Herron had always said, honestly, if with reserve: "Yes, he's a good painter." To himself, examining the frank details of the libido Garthwait lavishly spread on canvas, he may have murmured deprecatingly: "Really, how violent." But he admitted that Garthwait, from a violent point of view, would have cause, before Herron's abstractions, to protest: "Fancy now, what ineffable calm!"

Garthwait was fond of mincing turns of speech, spoken in a coquettishly mellifluous whisper punctuated with grunts. He made entrances into art galleries, his rolling plum-tinted flesh, his cigar, and his black, sad and malicious eyes as distinct as a caricature. Convoyed by shoals of sycophants, he would pause in front of a picture and, wheezing, let drop from him a definition. "A stinkeroo," he would observe, and move ponderously on, benignly accepting the applause of his retinue.

All the same, Garthwait *was* a good painter; yes, a serious artist, after all. Herron had greeted him with the relief of a man back in civilization after having been marooned on an island with barbarians and God. He had been spending a vacation with his parents on the West Coast. This time, he had not tried to explain why he was content to go on teaching in an obscure college while painting pictures that reminded his family of linoleum designs. The need for justification or argument had apparently vanished into some estranging gulf. In the silence that followed, it seemed to Herron that all his emotions were falling into the chill indifference of that gulf. He realized that such affection as he had for these people was like what one might feel

for animals. Surely it was horrible to regard one's mother as if she were an amiable bear of legend who had reared in her den a human child?

Garthwait was not a man to have delicate scruples. He too was glad to discover traces of civilization, he informed Herron, for he had been pot-boiling in Hollywood. In a desperate attempt to preserve sanity he had made a trip to San Francisco and in the fog caught a chest cold. He was trying to shake it off in the mountains before returning to finish his stretch among the troglodytes. Herron, on his third Bacardi, impulsively suggested that Garthwait drive with him to Mesa Blanca. Its dry air should be good for Garthwait's cold.

Herron now reflected, with an inner twinge, that the Bacardis — or God knows what! — had betrayed him. He had gone profoundly into the subject of Mesa Blanca. Twice before, he confided, after visits to the Coast, he had stopped off there. Each time, driving his old car out of the mean dusty village, over the corrugated waves of desert land, striped black and ghastly under the vaulting sky, each time, as he ascended the rutted path to the Mesa, he had experienced a — well, mystic experience. It was, he earnestly explained, like invading the atmosphere of a new, and a savage and holy, planet. Garthwait listened attentively, wagging his head, and clearing his throat with noises indicating, Herron thought, sympathies deeper than words.

But on the afternoon of their journey, as they entered desert country, Garthwait began to make remarks about escapists who sought lost power in dead primitive magics. Herron asserted firmly that he took no interest whatever in the primitive. Garthwait passed ostentatiously into a doze. When they arrived, he stamped straight into the hotel lobby, as if snubbing the sombre landscape, and with a contemptuous air bought a detective story at the newsstand.

In the morning light that blared like a trumpet through the windows, Herron saw that Garthwait had pouches hanging under his eyes and that the corners of his lips were sunk and wrinkled. Not yet knowing that he hated Garthwait, he was conscious of the smeariness of the tiled floor, and of feeling vaguely unwell, so that he did not look forward to going out into the bravura of light. At a table across the dining-room, a blonde girl was sulkily picking at her nails while a square-headed pallid man, who ate fried eggs, kept looking warily at his hat which hung from a hook on the wall. The hat was mauve and had a feather in the band. Herron sighed fitfully. With a sucking noise, Garthwait removed the cigar from his mouth.

"Well," he inquired dulcetly, "does our hero make an early start on his Rhine journey?" A cough came from his chest like a hollow laugh from a stooge. Before he could continue, his attention was distracted by the square-headed man's exit from the room. Garthwait's eyes fastened on the girl. "Not bad," he claimed, but his eyebrows rose; then, evidently insisting on the point to the now critical stooge, he reiterated emphatically: "Not bad at all." He reinserted the cigar and gave himself up to scrutiny. "Rather *good,*" he said. Hitching round his chair, he parodied a painter's gestures, holding the cigar to his nose and squinting either side of it.

"What's so nice," he commented, "is the flaccid, the depraved, vacancy of the contemporary Madonna, oh, crucifyingly symbolic, — " his voice rose in a happy squeal, " — but aside from that, I myself am always a pushover for the protruding teeth, the succulently drooping lip. And that lower jaw, it's positively Hapsburg. Hapsburg!" he crowed. "A byblow infected with the royal taint, a regular prize-winning Miss Haemophilia."

The girl, while remaining absorbed in her nails, wriggled undulantly under their stare. She reminded Herron of an advertisement in a movie magazine for some unattractive kind of sexual equipment. "Looks more like Miss Syphilis to me," he said, and got up. Garthwait was laughing and coughing explosively. "Miss Syphilis," he went on saying as they crossed the lobby and stood at the open door.

Herron's malaise had identified itself as a headache. But he announced that he was going up to the Mesa; was Garthwait coming? "Me? Why, I'm a sick man," Garthwait whispered plaintively. "I shall go upstairs and read my book quietly. You run along and enjoy yourself." He laid a paternal arm across Herron's shoulders and gazed up to the reddish-purple crags that enclosed the white shape of the Mesa. "A picture no artist would paint," he giggled, and gave Herron a cordial permissive pat.

Herron drove off, but as soon as he went out of sight from the hotel he turned into the valley. There, under a sparse tree, he took a nap. At noon, he drove ten miles to a small town, where he had a sandwich and went to a movie. By the time he got back to Mesa Blanca his headache was gone. He'd recalled having once been on an exhibition jury with Garthwait. Garthwait had been irascible then, too. There was no satellite on whom he could bestow recognition with a *maestro* bow, no one for him to question abruptly and unanswerably with the mournful black eyes. Even Garthwait could not expect

to reduce painters with reputations as great as his own to cringing abjection. Indulgently, Herron looked for Garthwait in the bar.

Garthwait was in an expansive mood. His cold was better and he had found a newspaper editorial that stimulated him. It dealt with foreign political atrocities. He read it aloud in a pious whine. "Such people," it concluded, "appear to us like men of the Stone Age, but they too have had among them poets, artists and philosophers, and may again." Garthwait uttered a barking laugh. "Poets, artists, philosophers!" he repeated. "For the moral purposes of editorials, let's pretend it's an Hellenic Age of artists and philosophers *we* got. Lawsy, how we jus' dotes on our darlin' poets and artists," he wheezed juicily. "Bless their little hearts — so long as they sell them, and their guts too, to Hollywood and the photo magazines."

Herron had always been distressed by discussion of that favorite topic among painters, the relation of the artist to society. When he heard the words "the artist" pronounced with reverent fervor, he had a feeling of personal degradation similar to that inflicted by those who mentioned one's relations with God. If Garthwait didn't have the courage of his pot-boiling let him stew away in it by himself. Herron refused to pull him out by blaming society. "What interests me about that editorial," he said, "is its curious assumption that artists are peaceable folk. My observation is that the virulent hate coursing through art circles would make a man of the Stone Age blench." He smiled blandly.

They went in to dinner. Garthwait noted that Miss Syphilis and Mauve Hat were not with them. "I trust," he said, "that they have not departed from us. Let us lift an invocatory cup to the bloody bleeding muse. That jaw — a real inspiration."

Perhaps the word "inspiration" suggested Rhine journeys. His manner altered strangely. He was obviously exerting himself to amuse and then, feeling this insufficient or unsuitable to his mysterious aim, he became as ingratiating as if Herron had been some wealthy art patron, or museum director. He even referred admiringly to Herron's work: "An interesting manipulation of planes — as in that thing of yours . . . "

Herron was baffled. It was implausible that Garthwait repented his former rudeness. One doubted his capability of self-criticism. But later on, in the bar, as the peculiar wooing continued, Herron began to wonder if all along he himself had not been over-sensitive: a weakness. Balance! he often admonished himself austerely. Proportion! Control!

Still, he eyed Garthwait cautiously until morphine came into their conversation.

He had refused another highball. He really didn't drink much, Herron said. They discussed alcoholics they knew. Herron generalized. "All escapes," he said, "are caused by the fear of impotence. A man who never feels as assertive as he would like gets confidence through alcohol. But there can be a frustrated need for another capacity, for — immersion. In that case the substituting drug is morphine, or opium." He went on to tell of a time when, after an operation, he'd been given morphine. He had determinedly rejected a second dose. "It gave me so much pleasure," he said, with a laugh, "that I was at once afraid of developing an addiction. I felt that if there were such a thing as a born morphine addict I was it."

Garthwait, fascinated, asked for a full description of his sensations. "It was like being hypnotized," Herron had started, when they were interrupted by the entrance of the girl and her pale escort. To Herron, they brought with them an alarming though unreal atmosphere, as if the room had been invaded by a gangster movie. The girl blinked her eyes furtively in their direction. Garthwait looked stouter and redder, took on the ribald aspect of a traveling salesman in a joke.

But it was the other man who really upset Herron. He had an unfinished-looking face, like those of comic-strip characters, and the thrusting weaving motion of its turnings, the square set of that hat on the neckless head, suggested that the hand in the pocket might be holding a gun. Nonsense, Herron thought irritably. There just were not any people like the people in movies. Nevertheless, Garthwait was a fool. His flirting with the girl was characteristically exhibitionist, but he need not be tawdry in this Hollywood way.

"I'm going to bed," Herron said. "I want to get up to the Mesa early tomorrow. I don't suppose you want to come — I'm leaving at seven."

"Sure I do," Garthwait rejoined promptly. "This damned cold got me down." He resurrected a cough. "But I'll be with you at seven."

At nine the next morning Herron climbed the stairs to Garthwait's room. It must be the altitude that made his heart beat so and gave him that choking in the diaphragm. But why did his legs feel so heavy and weak? The rage accumulated in his two hours of waiting suddenly boiled over so violently that it was like having a fit. He had compromised an inner dignity by waiting even a minute. Here he'd made this trip to visit the Mesa, he complained almost tearfully to himself,

and here was another day spoiled. He cursed, dragging his legs down the corridor, stopped at Garthwait's door and with his fist gave it a thump.

After a long silence the door opened a crack. Garthwait's muddy unshaven face peered out. They glared at each other. "Couldn't sleep," Garthwait croaked hoarsely. "Awake all night." A heavy smell of cigar smoke crept up from the darkened room. Garthwait drew back. "Why the hell can't you go up to your God-damned Mesa yourself?" he said. "Nobody's stopping you," he added sullenly, and slammed the door.

No one was stopping him. On the landing was a grime-obscured window; walking to it, Herron could glimpse the castellated walls that ringed the Mesa's white dome. There was a legend about the Mesa. It was supposed to have buried deep in it a treasure owned by the god of an Indian tribe; when the protective towers crumbled, the tribe would vanish. Well, the prospect was ruinous enough, and presumably the tribe *had* vanished. There remained something like a pure and grave memory, to which Herron could not return unless he demonstrated to Garthwait not its unprovable worth but its power. Herron felt an extraordinary exhaustion. As he retreated, a door in the passage swung ajar and the blonde girl confronted him like some morbid apparition. Averting his head, he hurried by.

His fatigue was so extreme that he wondered if he had caught Garthwait's cold. The idea was repulsive, as if germs that had inhabited Garthwait's body would be more loathsome than other germs. It would be like a physical incorporation of Garthwait, like taking in, disgustingly enveloped in mucous, the arrogant eyes, the shapeless lips, the plummily decaying cheeks and insinuating voice. In his own room, Herron paused before the mirror. One should not be conceited about nature's irrelevancies, yet secretly he cherished the knowledge that he was rather goodlooking. But the thin figure in the mirror now reminded him of a tadpole's narrow wriggling thrust. Moving in back of his mind was a line of verse. He frowned, trying in his lassitude to fix it. *Not so abstract . . . not so pure . . .* Then, in a rush, Donne's poem came. *Love's not so pure, and abstract, as they use To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse.* Change a word, Herron thought grimly, and it fits. *Hate's not so pure and abstract . . . But as all else, being elemented too . . .*

He stayed all day in his room, like an animal in its lair. The unpleasant comparison occurred to him as he woke from dazed naps,

once to see afternoon sunshine lying striped and hot as a tiger's flank on his bed, and later in a jungle twilight that was part of a dream in which animals had prowled. He shook himself impatiently, washed, and went downstairs. Garthwait was in the lobby, a cigar clenched in his teeth. "Too bad about this morning," he said, rattling the newspaper he held. "I felt stinking; a vile night."

"Maybe the climate doesn't agree with you," said Herron. "If you want to leave, don't hesitate."

Garthwait bared his teeth in a snarling grin. "The climate suits *me* all right," he retorted.

"That's fine," Herron said stiffly.

"Besides, I couldn't part with Miss Syphilis at this gripping stage of our romance. I just had a rousing eye-chat with her." He smacked an imaginary glass. "Here's to our royal Mistress!"

Herron sat down. "Look here, Garthwait," he said. "Surely you're not serious?"

Again Garthwait grinned. "Depends what you mean by serious."

"She's got that man with her and he's a tough customer. I didn't like the way he looked at us last night."

"Faint heart, you know," Garthwait tittered.

"In addition," Herron burst out, "the girl's disgusting."

"How true. With your usual acumen you've hit on the crucial point."

"And your attitude's more so. I refuse to be involved in anything so — so —"

"Bloody," Garthwait supplied. "Well, nobody asked you, my dear. No," he chirped, his eyes baleful, "you run along and have your spiritual thrill with nature's wonders. Though it takes all kinds of nature to make a world and I must say, when I was your age —." His face relaxed to meretricious good humor. "Come off it." He gave Herron's rigid arm a poke and began to talk politics.

The open display of enmity alleviated some of Herron's rancor, but it also worried him. He decided that whatever Garthwait was up to one could be aloof from it, spend the day outdoors and refuse to sit in the bar at night. That would prove one wasn't involved.

But would it? As he walked up the road for a breath of air, Herron was annoyed by the uncertainty. He didn't actually fear the tough customer would haul out a gun and undiscriminatingly drill them both. He just thought it wiser to avoid contact with the unpredictable crudities of people like the inhabitants of some outlandish

country. For a moment, considering possible unpredictabilities, Herron marveled at Garthwait's courage. But it wasn't courage. It was perversity; yes, a fantastic and brutal perversion.

On the veranda steps, when he came back, he saw the girl. "Hayo," she said drawlingly. "Been takin' a walk?"

"Good evening," Herron answered. He looked at her with sober curiosity.

"Nice out tonight," she said. She had pale stiff eyelashes, like a horse. "Gettin' hot though," she said. It was exactly like gazing into the eyes of a horse, the same enigmatic fathomless interchange. He felt transient pity that she knew no better than to be seduced by Garthwait's scornful vulgarities. Standing there in the dusk, he heard water gushing with hoarse stridor through an irrigation ditch. Passionate longing came over him to be back with the astringent problems from which Garthwait had rescued him. With a kind of exultation he gave up hope that Garthwait would acknowledge that which dwelt on Mesa Blanca. He abandoned Garthwait, and was again at peace with the Mesa's harmony.

He was up early the next morning, but Garthwait was earlier. Garthwait was strolling up and down the veranda, waiting. He brandished a stick he'd picked up. As Herron brought the car around, he discovered Garthwait feinting with the stick at a fancied opponent. Climbing into the car, Garthwait made a playful lunge at Herron. Herron glanced at him abstractly. "What are you so cheerful about?" he inquired.

"The passing of your worries. Our friend with the dismal hat has left us for the nonce." Garthwait winked. "Left the wench to pine, while, in neighboring places, he sells cuspidors. I judge that might be his life-work."

Herron said nothing. He was indifferent to Garthwait's presence save as one might be distracted by the frisking of an importunate dog. They drove over ten miles of wasteland and then, the car chugging, crawled up the road that led part way to the Mesa. Herron stopped the car; in the silence, he heard again, with a tremor that touched all his nerves, the old music of winds coiling through crevices of rock.

"God!" exclaimed Garthwait, looking up the steep trail. "A good thing I brought my stick. My faithful stick, my loyal pal, through thick and thin." He toiled upward, emitting stricken groans. Now and then, as Herron mounted behind him, Garthwait would pause, bending the stick into an arc, his feet shuffling. He was being the

hapless comic man, stymied by the universe. As they went higher, the role developed more extravagant buffoonery. Garthwait fell over infinitesimal obstacles; he was hootingly astounded by a gnarled bush; he reeled back from the pits that gaped beside the path. Herron kept his eyes lowered but he couldn't help seeing the legs that staggered and skipped ahead. Hate was eating again into his cold resolution. What cowardly security there was in the abject humility of the clown, invulnerable behind painted woe!

*Hate. Hate's not so pure.* Suppose, Herron thought, these devilish antics before another man's shrine should really trip the clown? *Not onely be no quintessence, But mixt of all stuffes, paining soule, or sense* . . . Pained soul and sense shrilling, what if he thrust out a foot and sent Garthwait pitching into the chasm? Herron's muscles tensed.

They came out on the summit of the jagged crown. Below wound the bed of a dry stream. Across a circling gorge the Mesa crouched somnolently, its flat white top encrusted with patches of dark vegetation, its livid sides writhing upward like the columns of a surrealist Parthenon. The wind made a thin harp-like sound. The two men stood silently for a moment. Then Garthwait pursed his lips and whistled. "Looks like a wedding-cake," he commented.

Herron gazed adoringly at the Mesa. His murderous impulse had stiffened his spine, as if he had found that he possessed an unexpected weapon. "No," he answered finally. "It does not." His voice came out very positive. "It's like a landscape on the moon, or some unfinished planet."

"Sure it's like the moon — if you mean it's dead. What's it got to do with us?"

"The moon has influences on the living."

"The hell with all that crap," said Garthwait harshly. "Stuff for adolescents. Come down to earth — that's the artist's business." He plumped himself down on a rock. "Life's my business," he went on. "Not all this frigging around with a great white What-is-it and abstract deadness."

All right, Herron thought. Go ahead.

"Jellyrolling around in this stratosphere," said Garthwait, "in a lot of space and darkness."

"It gets dark on earth," Herron said. "Out there — " he jerked his chin up at the sky, — "forever light." He balanced on the edge of the precipice.

Garthwait sat huddled on his rock. The pouches lay on his cheeks

like stones. Herron's heart throbbed elatedly. He looked at the Mesa where it waited lazily but unslumbering, and back at Garthwait shivering on his stone. For the man actually was shivering. He was afraid. Afraid!

He had been afraid all along. His entire behavior was a struggle with Mesa Blanca.

Herron paced up and down the rim of the chasm like an animal-trainer cracking a whip. He had had an impulse to trip Garthwait into space. This was better; this spiritual abyss. "You ask what it's got to do with us?" he cried. He kicked at a pebble and it scuttled with a rattle to the edge, leaped wildly out, hit a bush with a report like a pistol shot, and dropped into silence.

Garthwait panted heavily. "Or did you ask what it has to do with art?" Herron said. "Art is man's tiny version of that. Like the Mesa, it is guarded in the heart of silence. In great works of art you always find that calm." He spread out his hands and moved them controllingly down. "The great calm."

Garthwait twitched. Like a goaded bull, he shook his head from side to side. "Look here," he said, in a voice quite unlike any Herron had heard from him, "we're only men, you know. Not gods." He jumped up. "We're men," he repeated. They stared at each other as if they were strangers. Garthwait took a deep breath. "What do you think *you* are, Mr. tin-god Herron? *I* am a *man.*" He was shouting. "With man's passion, I create. On man's earth, I create." He stuck out a trembling arm and pointed at the Mesa. "As for all that: morphine!" His voice rose in a stentorian yell. "Morphine, I say! Morphine!"

He plunged running down the path and in a minute was out of sight. Herron groped in his pocket for a handkerchief and blew his nose. The devastating thing was that he had to admire Garthwait.

Morphine, morphine. It didn't touch Herron personally; he didn't believe that stuff he'd talked about morphine was connected with the Mesa, or his painting either. He *knew* it wasn't. But, as Garthwait said it, it had such magnificent dramatic rightness that a shaking pleasure was surging over Herron, an unknown and yet somehow familiar joy. It must be an aesthetic response to a creative act. Was not an artist a person especially sensitized to the convergence of ideas into a pattern? Garthwait's triumph was, after all, one of pure abstract design.

And this, in itself, proved the validity of Herron's position. Within Garthwait's victory lurked a mocking defeat. Garthwait would never

receive the reward that came from a surrender beyond human desire. In this reward was Herron's mute success, and superiority. He savored it.

Then, in the midst of his contemplation, more of Garthwait's remarks came back to him. "We're not gods, you know. Only men." A scowl crossed Herron's face. He leaned over and picked up another pebble. As he bent, a slight vertigo swam through his head. With sudden panic, his hands clutched for the earth. He fell to his knees and hastily scrambled back from the edge. Straightening up, he flung the pebble out. Of course it could not reach as far as the Mesa. It soared, and fell, and made no noise as it went down.

There was not a sound. He could not even hear the winds that had flooded solemnly about the rocks. All he heard was blood coursing through his veins. It reminded him oddly of the water rushing through the irrigation ditch. He pressed a hand to his mouth. An urgent choking frustration rose from the pit of his stomach, like what he had felt in front of Garthwait's closed door. It was no use. Under the hot violent streams of hate, the patterns, like ice-blocks, were breaking up. — Call them morphine visions, Garthwait! — But oh, they were beautiful: mild, and yet severe and daring. . . .

In the car, Garthwait sat with his hands on his knees, cigar between his lips. The car was baking hot and sweat trickled down his face, which had turned a dull maroon. Herron could not look at him. He wanted to snatch the cigar out of his mouth. That this gross creature should, in the crisis, have been the stronger! It was past endurance.

"Listen Garthwait," Herron said, fumbling for the cool vantage of detachment, "I see what you mean. Maybe we're both right."

Garthwait swiveled round a malignant eye. "What the hell game do you think you're playing," he said harshly, "cricket?" He kicked at the clutch. "Get on with it. Get on back. More adolescence out of you and I'll puke."

"Don't worry, you'll get back," said Herron tightly. "You'll be safe in Hollywood soon. Even there," he added, in a nasty classroom manner, "it might be to your benefit if, in your glorification of manhood, you learned that other men exist."

"Yeah? For instance?"

"Sometime you'll figure it out." Herron started the car. Nuts to detachment: Garthwait's repulsiveness had inspired a superb revenge. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Garthwait's paunch slopping over his belt. *But as all else, being elemented too, sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.*

At the hotel, Herron grabbed a sandwich and went up to his room. He shaved carefully and put on a clean white shirt. Four o'clock would be about right, too early for Garthwait to be in the bar, but everything depended on that bitch of a girl being somewhere around.

Luck was with him. As he went down, he saw her in the lobby. "I beg your pardon, Miss," he said, with absurd courtliness. "Could I speak with you a minute?"

The long jaw moved in munching astonishment. "Sure."

Herron assumed what he hoped was attractive diffidence. "Perhaps," he suggested, "if we sat down — I mean, maybe you'd let me offer you a drink?"

"Why, that would be swell."

"It's very kind of you." In any other situation, his farcical role would have paralyzed him, but now, as he ordered drinks, he was intent. He summoned a smile to his tense lips. "Well," he said, "I wanted to apologize."

"Apologize?" The girl gave a bewildered snort.

"Yes, I couldn't help feeling that my friend, you know, the stout man, had been, I must say it seemed to me, pretty rude. Towards a young lady like yourself." He watched her carefully. Damn it, maybe she'd give him a horse laugh. Probably she was crazy about Garthwait, probably liked being treated like a whore, probably think Herron the world's prize ass. He forced himself to go on. "I spoke to him about it . . . " His voice trailed away.

She wore a perplexed but pleasant expression. "That's all right," she replied, "sure." Herron could have hugged her. He leaned across the table. "He's the sort of man," he said insinuatingly, "that thinks all women fall for him. I tried to tell him he was making a mistake, but I didn't get anywhere, so I wanted to tell you myself that — ." That what? How *did* you talk to such people?

But the girl looked at him kindly. "Aw, that's all right," she said again, in her drawling voice. "I'm used to old guys like that." She laughed loudly.

*Old guys.* Hapsburg jaw and all, you had to hand it to her. The drink whirled around in Herron's head. He kept saying he didn't drink much, but he kept on drinking much, and he didn't care. Syphilis and all, he said to himself merrily, a girl of discrimination. A girl. She didn't really neigh; she laughed; and quite right, too.

"Well," he answered consideringly, "he's not a bad guy, it's just he's a crude type."

The girl nodded complaisantly. Time to let up on chivalry, but what next? Herron attempted to change the mournful deprecation of his look to what he at once felt was a hideous jauntiness. *All alone tonight?* Good God, talk about being crude. The trick was to keep her here till Garthwait came down and then waltz away with her, right under Garthwait's nose. Rub Garthwait's nose in it. — Suddenly it struck Herron that Garthwait might have been lying about Mauve Hat's departure. Suppose, instead of Garthwait, the tough customer broke in on this cozy talk? The girl's pale eyelashes flickered coyly. The choking feeling of danger heaved in Herron's diaphragm, but it was getting exciting.

"Matter of fact," she was saying, "when we was here the other night, it wasn't that guy I was lookin' at." Herron tried to get his breath. Let him come, the tough customer come ahead. He placed his hand masterfully upon the girl's. A shadow fell over them. They looked up. Garthwait was at the door.

"Well!" said Garthwait heartily. He marched forward. He put a possessive hand on the back of the girl's chair. "Won't you introduce me?" he addressed Herron, his eyes bold on the girl.

She twisted round and gave him a measured look. Then, glancing at Herron as if expecting congratulations, she moistened the drooping lower lip and spoke wearily. "Oh, run along," she said to Garthwait. "Run along, grampop."

Herron started. His heart began to thud. No, no, he thought. Not like that. You can't say things like that, nobody can, it isn't possible. Reluctantly, he raised his eyes to Garthwait's face. The plum color was receding from it, in patches, leaving an olive sort of pallor. Herron pushed back his chair. "Garthwait," he faltered, "look, Garthwait . . ." But Garthwait was stumping off. At the back of his head there was a round bald spot, like a priest's tonsure. The sight was agonizing. Herron sprang to his feet. The girl clutched his arm, but he shoved her savagely out of the way. "Garthwait!" he cried once more, running to the hall.

Garthwait was halfway up the stairs. A reddish sunset suffused the dirty landing-window. The white top of the Mesa seemed to hover ominously in it. "Wait a minute, won't you?" Herron implored, all but weeping. But Garthwait trudged on up into the deep crimson glow.

Herron hadn't meant to do it. It wasn't what he had meant. He'd only wanted to show he was as good a man, not that Garthwait was an old man.

Under the stairs, a door led to an alley. Herron stumbled through it and leaned against the wall. Among the mops and garbage buckets, he thought he'd faint. *Hate's* not so pure. But Donne had said *love.* What had condemned Garthwait? As he wiped the beading sweat from his forehead, Herron heard water pouring through the ditch, insisting on aimless dooming desire and time. The voice of Donne, still knotted and coiling in mortal passion, went on whispering across three hundred years. *But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow With more, not onely bee no quintessense, But mixt of all stuffes . . .*

It wasn't Garthwait he hated. It was Mesa Blanca and its remote proud dream. What else had desolated him, that night in Denver, but an intimation of the Mesa's consequences? Why had Garthwait come if he too had not felt its cruel spell? For one moment, up there on the summit, it had been transcended, by Garthwait's courageous denunciation, and Herron's joy, until, again, all stuffs were mixed.

A decayed apple-core and an anomalous bit of bone had been spilled from a garbage can to the alley pavement. They composed for Herron a picture of hypnotic significance, like something he had created, but the only association they called to his mind was the food Egyptians used to put in tombs for the refreshment of the dead.

His progress down the alley was feeble and abject. It seemed to go on as long as the three days they'd been here. It was a journey during which Garthwait trod a priestly stair to the Mesa that smiled down vengefully, and Herron tottered through an engulfing alley of filth to its end. "Run along," Garthwait had said to him, and the girl said to Garthwait, "Run along."

They ran along to a fourth day. Perhaps then they met, and now Herron was condemned to climb hypnotically to the Mesa, and Garthwait crawled through the alley, and time had an undulant meaning that they wanted to keep running from, before it spun like a wheel, fusing them, as they streamed into a cone of space.

He had gotten down the alley. He found himself looking in a narrow window to the bar. The girl was still there. Her lower lip hung down, glistening.

There is sometimes a moment in the painting of a picture when the artist balances his brush as over a void, knowing that the next stroke may herald failure or triumph. Herron was motionless. It was in the suspense with which he had often confronted his canvas that he felt the fitful choking seize him. His face had acquired a vivid resemblance to Garthwait's, but of this fatality he was unaware.

# HOWARD GRIFFIN:

## Conversation on Cornelia Street, IV

### A Dialogue with W. H. Auden

I: The first thing that happens in *Coriolanus* is that we are introduced to a crowd —

Auden: Or rather a mob — that is, a passionate crowd; they are bent on getting more corn for themselves.

I: Reminds me of when we mutinied in the army. We complained to the CO because the cooks kept serving us day after day very bad pancakes (we called them collision pads). The cooks had been great absolute gods to us but how frightened they became when we united and went to the captain.

A: The crowd is what one is added to. The members of it are addable (as distinguished from Kierkegaard's category of The Single One); that is, they have nothing in common except togetherness.

I: In Coriolanus and Julius Caesar we see this distinction between the Single One and the crowd, between spirit and politics. A great leader can have a real relation to the body politic by acknowledging the legitimacy of "many-faced otherness." He knows that the men with whom he is bound up have a different way of thinking and feeling and, even in situations of conflict, his sense of justice forces him to these differences. But two particular attitudes toward the public sphere of existence stand out as negative: one, when the otherness of persons is eclipsed by the historical enthusiasm of the crowd (the feeling of closeness with a stranger in a picket line); two, when one customarily joins public opinion or the taking of a position. Here one would place the tabloid-reader, the passive conformist. The individual is excused from forming an opinion or a choice, and is equipped with ones that are approved as valid.

A: Yes, the crowd is like a community in that it can be any size, the difference being that the We precedes the I. A mob is united by anger, lust, hate — negative feeling. What starts out as a society may through adversity of circumstance be split into a number of opposing mobs (we see this in the reports of what happened on the raft of the *Medusa.)* When the raft started out from the ship, you had on it a

society: 150 men with provisions with a common aim, *i.e.,* to be towed ashore. Through particular treachery the possibility of the aim is destroyed and the lines of the raft cast off. When this happens what was a scientifically isolated society through the gradual force of hunger and pain becomes a cannibalistic group of men atomisable down to the last man. No real logical advantage unites the various groups which are formed — but rather passion and envy.

I: The shipwreck in *The Tempest* illustrates a similar opposition. The civic society (as represented by Alonza, Sebastian, etc.) conflicts with the social structure of the ship (the Boatswain, mariners, etc.) It is a case here of the privilege of one type of power intruding upon that of another. The Boatswain complains that the passengers mar the sailors' labor; that they assist the storm. Nothing could be less important than that the passengers possess temporal power. If the King or the Duke possessed any spiritual force, that is, if they could order the elements to silence, then the sailors would yield their authority, but of course they cannot. We see, in fact, that the representatives of temporal power tend to anticipate their doom, to be self-destructive, to have "a mind to sink." But the boatswain on the other hand retains his hope, persistence and integrity to the last, his final remark being a question, and one feels he would have asked that question up to the moment when the water rushed into his mouth. At the end the cancelling force of adversity dooms both societies but not the difference between them for Antonio and Sebastian never lose sight of the virtue of sinking with the king. Only Gonzolo — the detached, philosophic, Utopian-minded individual — conceives of a power encompassed by neither the governance of the temporal leaders nor the technical skill of the sailors and invokes, without quite assenting to, "the wills above."

A: As we said, a crowd can be any size. But a society, *i.e.* people associated for a common function, has a proper size. One judges a society good or bad according to the value of its function; thus, one would declare a labor union, say, to be better than a moonlight requisitioning detail. Insofar as a family is a responsible unit one would give it moral precedence over a counterfeiting ring. One makes a distinction between a pirate gang and an army, the distinction being less of function (looting occurs in both) than of proper size, for it is clear that a pirate gang represents an accidentally cumulative group (conquered crews of any size are impounded). What distinguishes piracy from military maneuvers is that it is a going on and on, a hap-

hazard depredation, not a strategic scheme wherein unit is weighed against unit. . . . In *Coriolanus* Shakespeare emphasizes that a crowd forms a dangerous vacuum; he represents its inconstancy. It starts out by hating The Single One, swerves to idolizing him, then back to hate at the end. A mob is a pseudo-society in that it may set out to do something —

I: To lynch a man, for instance—

A: Yes. A mob may be composed of all classes. Recently I read a writeup of that lynching in Greenville, Mississippi. When one of the participants, the scion of a good local family, was interrogated, he answered: "I just went along with the others because they were doing it," which in a sense seems worse than saying "I wanted to kill a man."

I: That is, a mob involves an automatism of act in which you pattern your behavior on the man in front of you. If isolated in a special group one may find this power of mimicry a great advantage — in the army, for instance —

A: Unless completely demoralized by victory or defeat, most army-units cannot be equated with mobs; their training forbids that. A mob must be fused by strong emotion, say, a will to destroy. Little of this desire to destroy exists in soldiers because of a failure of faith. In politics the one who arouses feeling in the public will triumph over whoever tries to curtail feeling on the same platform. What is the first qualification of a crowdmaster? To arouse emotions in others with no compulsion to feel them. "Disingenuous compliances," as Dr. Johnson called them. Brutus is shocked when he sees Caesar working the tricks. The fickleness of the people, the fact that those less worthy than himself may gain their approval, these things offend Coriolanus. In dealing with the acts of the soldiers Shakespeare delineates crowd-behavior. In Act I, Scene v, when the soldiers are engaged in looting (scorned by their leader) and in Act I, Scene iv, when the two soldiers are betting, they have become crowd-members united by greed and by accident respectively. The latter incident is particularly wonderful when in order to break the monotony the soldiers would be glad to bet against their own interest. Menenius and Volumnia both believe in "disingenuous compliances." Menenius is something of a Machiavellian conservative. Ruled by prudence he would say that the best course is to know the right people, to be decently dishonest.

I: This, too, is not a matter of rank, is it? Privates, captains, generals, all believe in the sanctity of chance and the honor of loot?

A: Surely. Marcius makes a great show of contempt for the

U. OF I.
LIBRARY

pillaging Romans but a few lines on, when Dartius offers to help him, says,

> The blood I drop is rather physical
> Than dangerous to me; to Aufidius thus
> I will appear, and fight.

A statement which seems obvious vanity, an ostentation. What remains important is that his rival should see him at a dramatic moment. And Dartius grandiloquently invokes the god of Fortune.

I: Clausewitz has a passage where he philosophizes on the element of accident in war. He says,

> Three-fourths of the things on which action in war is based lie hidden in the fog of a greater or less obscurity. In no other sphere of human activity has such a margin to be left to chance, because none is in such constant contact with it on every side. Owing to this fortuity of all reports and assumptions, the person acting in war always finds things different from his expectations.

A: Looting is a sexual makeshift. The object becomes a substitute for virginity, for the unique love.

I: To return to the passage you mentioned. Marcius, as you say, makes a show of contempt for the thieving Romans but then in the same speech cries

> And hark what noise the general makes!—to him!
> There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius.

He might just as well say "of my soul's love," so clearly these interconnect here. Tabus against the gentler emotion force him to repress, and the feeling comes out in the socially acknowledged form of magnetic antagonism as strong in one case as in the other. This pattern appears clearly in adolescent sports. The whole play in fact might be called a history of a repression — with intermittent lapses. For Coriolanus' spectacular dislike is a defense-system, a reaction-formation erected against his feeling for Aufidius, and the desire to meet him in hand-to-hand combat forms (as did the duels of German students) a distorted proof of affection. In the end Coriolanus subordinates himself to his mother and wife, *i.e.,* in order to free himself from men he subjugates himself to women. . . . When I was in Japan I saw that the black market between GI and Jap had a sexual element in it. Nothing could have been more like the encounter between prostitute and client — the unrest, consultations, uncertainties, brevity. One side was

covertly anxious to sell and the other secretly eager to buy — hence the mock-play. Between the poles of hesitation the transaction occurred with an essential fleecing. Afterward both parties desired to part as soon as possible being conscious of the overlying threat. Like all men soldiers desire to be loved — to be loved for themselves alone. The object they procure through barter — a fan, obi or bit of metal — becomes for them the symbol of a unique love.

I remember a conversation I had with my friend, Mac, about the prostitutes. Our contacts occurred not with real geishas (these being reserved for officers) but rather with ex-factory workers or middleclass mompei-girls in communal houses, but a few of them had had some sort of aesthetic training. Often it was necessary to wait a long time in line and you were rushed through; but at other houses this was not so, and Mac would say, "It is wonderful. They're very polite, they sing to you — play a guitar or dance a little for you —" Above all, this was important to him. Why? He wanted, I think, to believe he was being made an exception of, that is, whatever song they sang they did so for himself alone; it formed a performance which like all aesthetic acts differed — though slightly — from any other performance. The sex act might become a mechanism, the aesthetic act could not. Further, the commercial sex act exists with its cancellation (the prophylactic), but for the aesthetic (which in a sense may be more dangerous) there is no prophylactic. . . .

A: I've sometimes wondered why men pay women for this. Pride, contempt, hostility and need, these emotions go into the man's giving his body to the woman and paying money (which is an excretory symbol) for hers. As Baudelaire remarked, "There are only two places where one pays for the right to spend: women and public latrines." Some people conceive of prostitution in peacetime as a safeguard for marriage; there's some truth in this. In former societies men possessed most of the money; they set up factories, monopolies, cartels, etc. The house of ill fame may be looked on as a corporation to satisfy the sexual consumer — typically a man because of his aggressivity. But if women get hold of the money (as they seem to be doing) they might be able to do away with prostitution. The verb meaning to have intercourse used in the denigrative sense of outwitting or defeating comes from the conviction of male sex superiority. And the reproductive act has sometimes been compared to the occupation of one person by another, hence to the relation of a conqueror and a conquered thing. Everyone knows that erotic male talk has a close connection with

military terms. The man gives himself *and* the money to the prostitute whereat he goes back to his wife then repeating the process which seems to be a reflex action. Both acts may be a desperate search for an inaccessible type of emotion.

I: A house of prostitution composes a society.

A: Yes. The two great drives are food and greed. For the prostitute sex instead of being a way of love becomes a form of work. To her client sex instead of being a way of love becomes a hunger where the girls are treated as food. In a brothel you have equity and consent; one want is exchanged for another. The idea of the brothel exceeds class and convention, and the law has no power to deal with it. The brothel-manager depends on people committing fornication. A society is a group of people associated in terms of a common function. A brothel is a society. Their function is fornication. Pompey in *Measure for Measure* says,

> I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade
> than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

I: We started out by talking of different forms of togetherness. *Coriolanus* begins with the activity of an armed mob; *Julius Caesar* with a minor conflict between classes.

A: Historically we have two definitions of society. Cicero's: A society is a group of people associated by common advantage and common right. St. Augustine's definition: A society is a group of rational beings united by a common function. The first will not hold water. If joined by a common advantage, men cannot be joined by a common sense of right.

I: Even the commoners in Shakespeare often seem to have great stature. In the very first scene of *Coriolanus* the ordinary people act rather magnificently, particularly the First Citizen. If we looked around today I don't know where we would find the like. In the microcosm-macrocosm dialogue, the Citizen really stands up to Menenius. The former's faults are precipitancy and contempt:

> Why stand we prating here? To the Capitol!

A nice touch because these, too, are the defects of his enemy, Caius Marcius. Shakespeare does not represent the people as very bad. The reader must distinguish between how they act and how their despisers accuse them of acting.

A: Yes. If you went to Union Square to find your modern "First Citizen," you'd see plenty of dissatisfied "'radicals" but none with the integrity or talent for action of Shakespeare's Citizen. Talking to them a little you'd discover in them all divisive ideologies: one would be a pacifist, another a Stalinist, a Shackmanite, an anarchist, etc. Commonly at odds with the social order they would be unable to envisage any common scheme of political action. In *Coriolanus* the First Citizen might be called a Leninist and Menenius a gradualist.

I: Since so many types of togetherness are dealt with here — the family, city, army, crowd, etc. — often these blocs come in subtle conflict as when Shakespeare causes Volumnia to say after her son's exile,

> Now the red pestilence strike all the trades in Rome
> And occupations perish!

She has more regard for her son than for a whole city. Again and again Shakespeare turns his attention to the disparity between the personal and the political motive. Investigation into particular cases seems to prove that the virtuous man is never quite powerless nor the powerful man wholly vicious. Often the tragedy of a historical situation is that a regular guy achieves a position of power ignorant of how to use his potentiality for good, *e.g.,* Lorenzo de Medici. Coriolanus is a person obsessed by the idea of self-transcendence. Quite disinterested he does not want to seem better than the others; he wants *to be* better. He seeks continual realization of himself in deeds. Innocent of a bent for politics he cannot manipulate the crowd or bring himself to use his power, yet his mother pushes him into a quasi-political position.

A: Coriolanus does not become the member of any community; his ties remain negative. Toward the end he tries, as Jesus did, to divorce himself from his family. A word that casts reflection on him will send him in a rage. When Volumnia pleads with him to spare Rome, her reasoning has no effect; not till she scolds does he relent. One sees that he requires of the people a relation where he is the only child. Volumnia wants by proxy to be a politician, a savior (the common people call her "mad"). Her son has a passion to surpass others; he can rule the crowd but has no talent for dealing with the individual. A little incident brings this out. After being lavishly praised by his general, he desires only that Cominius free a poor captive but he cannot recall his name. He is lost when he has to deal with a particular

case. In his thoughts Volumnia and Aufidius compete; he both hates and loves them. A terrific emulation animates Aufidius although he presents it to himself as hate. Caius Marcius would like to establish a special relation with him and all his exploits are an effort to attract. After his encounter with his friend-enemy he asks for wine; he retreats into narcosis. To explain his going over to the other side as merely a cold heartless thirst for revenge against his country seems to me a misreading. The irony lies much deeper. It consists in what Cooley called "the sympathy of percussion." That is, a curious bond exists between the heads of opposing forces, — a greater closeness than between generals and those under them. This point of behavior fascinated Shakespeare and in *Troilus and Cressida* he made Achilles say,

> I'll invite the Trojan lords after the combat
> To see us here unarmed: I have a woman's longing,
> An appetite that I am sick withal,
> To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
> To talk with him and to behold his visage,
> Even to my full of view.

I: Back in 1945 *Newsweek* printed some frank remarks made by Field Marshal Montgomery. He commented to a reporter, "Rundstedt is the best German general I have come up against in the war. He knows his stuff. I would very much like to get myself into Rundstedt's brain for a couple of minutes. I have a picture of him in my room. I wanted a picture of Rundstedt very badly." And we see that Achilles wanted *to talk to* Hector, that is, to establish a social relation, to break through the autopathic pattern which he finds imposed upon them both.

A: But in the case of Caius Marcius it is something deeper. It proceeds not only from an equality of grandeur but from suppressed desire. His first remarks to his military superior concern Aufidius:

> He is a lion
> That I am proud to hunt.

At close intervals this motif is emphasized throughout the play. In Scene vi he begs his general to set him against his great rival. After his consulship he desires to oppose Aufidius' hatred fully. Coriolanus' grand speech before his opponent's house in Antium beginning "O world thy slippery turns" forms an explosive refutation of the accepted "enemy-fallacy" of war. The ensuing scene of impassioned reconcilia-

tion abounds in details of attraction and repulsion particularly where Aufidius projects in phantasy the nature of their hand-to-hand combat. The attitude of Coriolanus has less envy in it than Aufidius', but upon their encounter the latter's jealousy subsides in the warmth of the immediate response. Each is fascinated by the other's genius in war and nobility of command. Since Coriolanus' valor is greater, he begins to attract those under Aufidius and to darken the latter. Aufidius and his rival are constructed of a more heroic mold than Menenius, Cominius or Titus. What Aufidius resents above all is that

> At a few drops of women's rheum which are
> As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
> Of our great action.

A similar love-tension exists between Caesar and Brutus but in this case the former's death is brought about with far less inevitability. It seems less inherent in Caesar's nature and more of a palace intrigue.

I: What Aufidius resents is not the slaughter Caius Marcius created in Carioli nor the fact that he has been beaten by him. What he essentially cannot bear is that Coriolanus should allow a woman to come between them, the only woman with the stature to be his rival, his friend's mother. I agree with you that step by step Coriolanus' death is brought about with greater inevitability. Coriolanus is death-driven. His encounter with Aufidius climaxes his search for the death-situation. After this proves not to be it, Coriolanus has to push things to an extreme, for he seeks to die at the significant not the easy time. Although unchastened by experience, Coriolanus has a vision of what life should be. Because he has this over-rectitude about life, he will not compromise with those who have no sense of potentiality. He attempts to stand "as if a man were author of himself and knew no other kin." Utterly self-centered he cannot become a class leader or a master of destiny. People like him, spoiled by fortune and inheritance, those who appear often as rulers are usually least able to rule themselves. The well-integrated, modest individual knows that by merely existing with others he has obligations to them; Coriolanus acknowledges none to anyone but himself.

A: A smooth-running body politic is constantly threatened by men like Coriolanus or Caesar, those who through their gifts demand greater importance than allowable for the proper running of society. This play forms a diagram of the relation between the Many, the Few and the One. All governments have been essentially oligarchical.

Roughly you have two larger strata: the middle class from whom the crowd master arises and the unleavened dough of humanity — (in this play the fickle citizens, whether Romans or Volscians) — who remain politically unaware, who cannot rule or suffer to be ruled and in the end will bring about the ruin of the One. The small top stratum consists of the élite (here, Menenius, Cominius and Coriolanus, etc.) who, having with difficulty attained power, are bent on retaining it. Their life remains a constant struggle with the Few (the Tribunes), the cleverer members of the middle class aware of the precarious position of their rulers. The social student conceives of all sizable wars as conflicts projected either by the élite in order to divert the plebeians or by the middle class in an attempt to dislodge the power of the patricians and enthrone themselves as an élite to be eventually dislodged. If we reflect on this we'll see that for some reason the élite must be guilty of a fatal flaw. Many have assumed that defect to be the corruptibility inherent in the holding of power. "Power corrupts. . . ."

I: But surely political power differs radically from other forms of power. By his skill and judgment a surgeon holds decisive power over the lives of others; the objectivity of his profession prevents him from being spoiled by this. William Penn possessed absolute power over the lives and destinies of the colonists who came with him on the *Welcome;* however, he didn't abuse that power.

A: Because of the gap between the public (the undifferentiated mass) and the instrumentalities of government, a great deal of deception exists in politics. This cannot be called the fault of any strict group whether in the top élite, the *juste milieu* or the bottom. The inside of politics never edifies. And democratic politicians are not much better than aristocratic or totalitarian ones. Because the talents a politician uses are not disinterested, creative or even specialized there is something to be said for the small libertarian community which would be arranged to allow each man in turn to govern the whole settlement for a short period of time. Political jurisdiction would become like jury duty. I think this would be likely to turn out better than the rigid guardianship Plato recommended without convincing us how the potential guardians could be justly chosen.

I: Since, then, the élite usually misuses its power till the lower strata become so indignant that they revolt, in turn seize power and become equally unjust and bureaucratic, isn't the problem to find how the powerful may become virtuous and those who are virtuous be given political influence?

A: Yes, it is curious that most of the wise and good men have shunned temporal power — Socrates, Jesus, Lao-Tse, etc. Plato was given the opportunity to train the young ruler Dionysius but the effort turned out badly. Yet temporal power has nothing in it which need contaminate a good person. The circulation of the élite is due not only to the chicanery of politics but to the laziness of the Great Aggregate and the lack of ethics in collective behavior. Acting in groups seems to be characterized by a special psychology that includes mimicry, loss of initiative and parliamentary self-entanglement. As everyone knows, committees are efficient in wasting the individual's time.

I: To go back to this play. May one not say, then, that Coriolanus' chief flaw is his ignorance of the Augustinian City of God?

A: Yes. It is not that he does not try to be fair; he does. He is not greedy for gain. Though he refuses to distribute corn gratis among the rioting crowd, still he would not oppress the people. He would reject tyrannical power and posts of self-advancement. However, he has no inkling of that ethical city which cuts across class lines, the divine charter of which may sometimes be found in the poorest and most uneducated breast. As Aufidius says,

> Our virtues
> Lie in the interpretation of the time:
> And power, unto itself most commendable,
> Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
> To extol what it hath done.

If it be fluent and molded to the circumstances of the time, power may not be evil. One individual will show greater skill in one field than another. Naturally he will rise to the top and attain power in his particular sphere. Occasionally you have a universal man like da Vinci or Goethe. God intends to show us that power in one sphere need not shut out achievement in others. A king can be a philosopher. A scientist, a good man. A politician, a poet. The only type of community which can be hoped for now is that of many-sided individuals of this sort.

I: Today that sort of man must stand alone.

A: Largely so. The dilemma is made very clear by Buber, who states that it may be right for a believing man to join a group but belonging to it he must remain submissive also to a higher authority. His decision will thus at times oppose a tactical decision of the group. Knowing the truth brought forth by his conscience, he will carry this

forward into the group itself thereby establishing an inner front in it. This can be more important (as Buber remarks) than all fronts drawn today between groups, for this front, if it is upright and honest, may run as a secret unity across all groups. At times this type of person may succumb to the temptation of believing himself helpless.

I: We have in *Coriolanus* a blueprint of the relations between the One, and the Few and the Many. The latter are interested in corn, games; some say they want war; some, peace without any clear idea of what they mean. Cowardly, greedy, swayed by public speeches, they form a crowd, and the characteristic of a crowd is its lack of memory. The present moment seems absolute to it. What is depicted in *Coriolanus* happened in Germany. When you talked to the postwar Germans, they earnestly claimed they were against Hitler, were forced to do what they did, etc., and I do not think they were conscious of lying. After what had happened, the great destruction, the collapse of the social order all that remained in their minds was the sense of the moment; they had no memory. Of course, such conduct is not confined to one nationality. Most of us are members of the crowd, if we are not careful. The crowd envelopes any of us when we are not a part of a society with a common function or of a community with a common love. What would you give as an example of a good society?

A: A jam session. There the number of instruments and the improvisatory element are important. If a society cannot exercise improvisation (creative politics) it dies. When its function is discharged, the society should be dissolved. Because of the self-perpetuating nature of certain societies *(e.g.* the two-party system in this country) we run into difficulty. When its function is permanent (world government) the individuals must be replaced by others. If a society insists on continuing when its function has been outlived, it becomes comic or dangerous. If it freezes into a habit without communication it becomes funny (the bridge party). If it expands beyond its need, it becomes dangerous (an army in peacetime). Volumnia becomes a peril when she tries to regard a grownup as a child to educate. If the society disbars those with the same qualifications, it threatens itself. Also, it will decline if it includes those who do not share its aims.

I: How careful Plato was about this! All who qualified intellectually — men and women, workmen and patricians — composed the society of the guardians. Above all, they must show an identification with the society and a willingness to live up to their obligations.

— How does the society differ from the community?

A: A community is a group of rational beings associated on the basis of a common love. By having no fixed size it may endanger itself. Externally it is threatened by two things: one, the crowd because they have no stabilizing desire or consciousness of self; two, the individual or group wanting a special place of admiration.

I: At last human beings have reached the point where they can form small federations. The ordinary soldiers in one army may feel sympathy for their comrades-in-arms but most of them lack the imagination to sympathize with those in the enemy force, yet they are precisely the ones who are undergoing the same experiences themselves. Men have got to the point where they can bring together national bodies that are dangerous but they cannot seem to make the leap which would allow them to ally themselves with those of different races, educations and religions.

A: Both communities and societies are more easily (though less strongly) established negatively, *i.e.,* by a shared fear of the external than by a shared love. At the end of the play their fear of Coriolanus unites the Romans more cohesively than any sense of previous community could do . . . A community is something one joins. Unlike the society it has no definite size. The optimum size of a community is infinity if what its members love is good. But if what they love is bad, the optimum size is zero. The crowd, unlike the society, has no common function. It develops under these conditions: when an individual cannot find his unique place. That is, where there is unemployment or in any mass production society that uses the individual as a mere labor unit. The crowd amalgamates when communities disappear and individuals cease to love anything. It takes place when men lose the ability to choose between true alternatives and when they lose faith in aesthetic values. With great art Shakespeare fills *Coriolanus* with the cries of crowds, with the sounds of public life. The author uses a great profusion of public music — drums, trumpets, flourishes of cornets, oboes, sennets — as well as the sounds of public intercourse which form a kind of music — bustle, riots, parleyings, alarums, the friction of togetherness. Of course, the characters probably don't know one note from another . . .

# MAY SWENSON:

## Sunset

The yawn grandiose and transient
of a pink-throated whale
drowning on the pale sky tide
The prairie and our eyes are dyed
the color of longing

The train on its compulsive rail
tools forward spinning the slow
roulette wheel of the land
In miniature its windows thread the stain
The gray sand drinks it red
Our pupils spread to hold it in vain

We plow through monstrous light
approach the narrowing throat of darkness
the tragic height of scarlet passed
before we mark it
Our senses hurriedly bared like knives
to meet the pure shriek
flinch as dusk dilutes the tide
smudges the whale's cheek
to an ashen whimper

Wide
lavish his savagery
so strawberry-full of promise
spewn out so profligate
then retracted reeled-in stingied soon gone

The land turning in sorrow
where the fiery yawn has faded
the train tools on